NANCY HARTSHORN AT CHAUTAUQUA

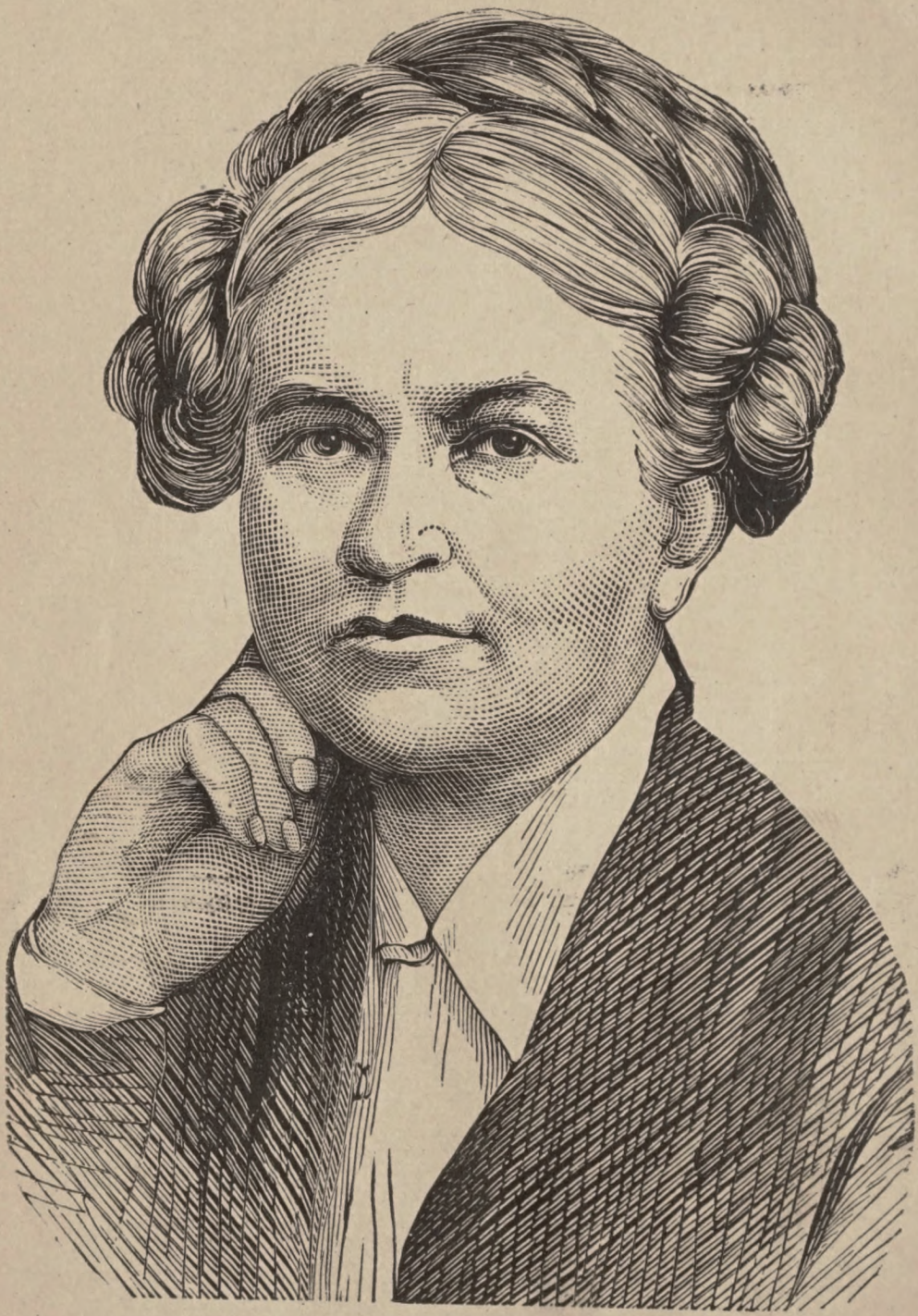
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PZ7 Copyright No.

Shelf M245N

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

4264



Yours sincerely,
Nancy Hartshorn

Nancy Hartshorn

AT

CHAUTAUQUA.

BY

MRS. NANCY HARTSHORN.

Mrs N. E. McPherson,
"
35

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT.
APR 22 1882
No. 4264 w
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGILVIE & COMPANY,
31 ROSE STREET.

[1882]

PZ7
.M245
N

Copyright, 1882,
by
J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

12-32950

To the

Twenty-eight Thousand Members

Of the Chautauqua Literary Scientific Circle,
among whom are some of my Best Friends,
this Volume is respectfully Dedicated.

The Author.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	How I made up my mind to go	9
II.	The Start	24
III.	Our Tent	33
IV.	The "Ampletheater" Meeting	46
V.	Going to the "Store"	58
VI.	Ram Shunder Bozy's Lecture	71
VII.	Feeding the C. L. S. C.'s	91
VIII.	The Grand Sunday School	111
IX.	"The Airly Lecter"	132
X.	Our Dinner at the Eating-House	166
XI.	Mr. Berd's Pictures	187
XII.	Getting Ready to go Home	197

NANCY HARTSHORN AT CHAUTAUQUA.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I MADE UP MY MIND TO GO.

IT was ruther sing'ler, my goin' ter Chetauquy in the fust place. Now, I never was one o' the kind ter be galvantin' 'round and goin' ter ev'rything that comes 'long, fur I alers tho't 'twas more 'spectable ter 'tend ter one's consarns ter home, than ter be neglectin' 'em an' runnin' off ter see or hear sumthin' o' ruther. The Deacon (that's my husband) is pritty much the same way o' thinkin', so I've alers stayed ter home mostly, 'ceptin' when we went ter Penns'lvany some fifteen year ago ter see his folks, and ain't never bin 'round much, an' I 'xpect 'twould a' bin the same way the rest o' my life, if Providence hedn't order'd diff'runt. The way it come 'bout was this: One day 'long in June—I r'member certin' 'twas in June—'cause I'd bin puttin' up strawberries all the mornin', and what with bein' on my feet so much an' it's bein' so warm, I was 'bout tuckered out by noon, but

arter I got my work done up, an' the dishes set away, and hed rested a bit, it struck me I'd run over and set awhile with Mandy Hopkins, fur I hedn't bin in fur quite a spell, and I was 'feerd she'd think I was neglectin' her. Mandy ain't noways r'lated ter me, but I've alers felt 'twas my dooty ter sort o' look arter her, seein' she's 'lone in the wurld 'thout any near r'lashuns, and needed sumbody ter look ter fur advice. Now, I'm alers perfeckly willin' ter giv my advice ter folks fur nothin' when I see they need it, fur I've learnt a good many things in my life, an' one o' 'em is that folks don't of'en want any body else's advice bad 'nough ter pay fur it, so I never 'xpect ter git rich tellin' any one what they'd better do. I kal'late I've lived long 'nough and seen 'nough ter hev pritty good jedgmunt in most things, and if anybody wants the use of it, they're welcum to it. But there's sich a diff'runce in folks 'bout larnin' anything. It does seem as tho' the older sum git, the less they know.

There's the Deacon—not that I say it ter r'flect on him, but he's dreffful set in his way, and he thinks jest as he did twenty-five year ago on sum pints, fur all I've tried as hard as any woman could ter bring him 'round ter my way o' thinkin'. *I* never was so conseeted but what I was willin' ter learn sumthin' from

them that knew more'n I did, and when I see folks persistin' in hevin' their own way, jest 'cause '*tis* their way, it don't take me long ter set 'em down fur all they're wuth. But I started out ter tell 'bout my goin' ter Mandy's, but if I go ter ramblin' off like this, I never shell git ter it.

Wal, I found Mandy bizzy as ever, sewin' 'way as if her life depended on it. I sh'd a sed 'fore that she was a dressmaker, but that ain't no reason why I go there so much, fur 'tain't like me ter be pryin' 'round, an' tryin' ter find out what my nabors is goin' ter hev new. She was makin' up sum light-colored stuff with lots o' fussin' and trimmin' on it, and I couldn't help wonderin' who 'twas fur. Arter I'd got out my knittin' an' we'd talked a spell, an' she didn't say nothin' 'bout it, I sez, "'Pears ter me sumbody's goin' ter hev sumthin' pritty fine." "Yes," sez she, laffin', "an' that sumbody's me." "You," sez I; "ye don't mean ter say that dress is fur you?" "Why not?" she axed; "don't I desarve a new dress?" "Yes," sez I, "but ye don't gin-'rally go inter the fixin's like that; Mandy Hopkins!" sez I, as sumthin' struck me all of a suddin', "that ain't fur no 'speshel 'cashun, is it?" "Yes," sez she agin, "'*tis* fur sum 'speshel' cashun," and then she laffed harder'n ever. I 'xpect I looked ruther hurt fur I

hedn't knowed o' her keepin' comp'ny with any one, and I tho't if she'd bin and 'ngaged herself ter sum man 'thout sayin' anything ter me 'bout it, it wasn't usin' me very well.

When she see I didn't laff with her she sobered down and sed, "No, Mrs. Hartshorn, I ain't goin' ter be married, but I'm goin' ter Chetauquy." "Goin' ter Chetauquy!" sez I. "Land sakes, child! what's put that idee inter yer head?" "Well, I 'spose 'twas the Jonses that fust set me ter thinkin' 'bout it," sez she. "Ye see, I've bin sewin' fur them fur a spell, an' I ain't heerd much else talked 'bout. They went last year and air goin' agin this, and hearin' 'em say so much kinder made me want ter go too. I got ter thinkin' how I'd alers stayed ter home, and fixed other folks ter go off sumwhere and hev a good time, an' never went myself, when I hed jest as good a right ter go as anybody.

"Well, I kept thinkin' it over, an' it ended in my decidin' that I'd giv myself a vacashun this summer, an' go ter Chetauquy with the rest of 'em." "Won't it cost a good deal?" I axed. "Not so very much the way I figger it," sez she; "anyhow, what little money I've got is my own, an' I kin spend it as I've a mind ter, and as long's I ain't got ter ax anybody's leave, I don't see what's ter hinder my goin'. There's only one thing in the way,

and that is, there's no one ter go with me. It'll be lonesum not ter hev sumbody 'long ter talk ter." "Where be ye goin' ter stay?" sez I. I was feelin' a leetle sore yit fur I tho't she might at least hev axed me what I tho't 'bout it, 'fore she made up her mind ter go, but I wasn't goin' ter let her know it. "I'm goin' with Mr. Baker's folks," sez she. "They're goin' ter hev a double tent, and they sed I might hev a part of it. If I could find sum one ter take it with me I'd be jest suited.

"O Mrs. Hartshorn!" sez she, all of a sudd'n, "why can't you go?" "Me go?" sez I; and I declare if she didn't giv me sech a start that I dropped half a dozen stitches in my knittin'. "Why, Mandy Hopkins, I gess ye've lost yer senses." "No, I ain't," sez she, "I've got 'em all yit. 'Tain't no sign I've lost 'em 'cause I want ye ter go ter Chetauquy; ye can go jest as well as not, and ye'd 'njoy it as much as anybody. Come, now, won't ye go?" she axed. I was so took back with her proposin' sech a thing that I didn't know what ter say. I did a good deal o' thinkin' fur the next few minits and then I sez, "I don't know's I know much what 'tis; is it like a camp-meetin'?"

"Well, yes," sez she, "sumthin' like it; most ev'rybody takes a tent, but Miss Jones sed a good many folks hed built 'em houses, and then there's places where them that ain't got

anywhere ter stay kin board. There's sights o' folks go, and they hev preachin' an' prayer-meetin' an' Sunday-school ev'ry day, and hev a real nice time. I wish you'd go," sez she. "'Tain't no use thinkin' o' sech a thing," sez I. "Ye never could git the Deacon ter go if ye talked ter him a month." "Let him stay ter home then," sez she; "but that ain't no reason why you should. It's a pity if he can't take care o' himself an' let you go off once in awhile. If ye alers stay 'cause he don't want ye to go, ye'll alers hev ter. That's the way with a man," sez she, jerkin' her needle so hard she broke her thread. "They think a woman ain't no bisness ter ever go anywhere, but jest stay ter home and git their meals, and take care o' their clothes fur 'em. A woman might as well be dead and burried as ter be married, 'cordin' ter my thinkin'. I'm thankful there ain't any man ter say what I orter do," and she looked as tho' she wished there wasn't sech a thing as a man livin'. I'd never seen her so riled up 'fore, an' I couldn't help thinkin' mebbe a man hed sumthin' ter do with it, fur I hed tho't she 'peared to feel a good deal friendly ter sum of 'em, but I was so taken up with what she'd proposed, that I didn't stop ter think what 'twas that hed changed her 'pinyon. I kept turnin' it over in my mind ter see if there was any way I

could fix it so I could go, fur what she'd sed hed made me want ter go as bad as she did.

I hedn't any idee the Deacon would go, or be willin' I sh'd go 'thout him, but I didn't want her ter think I couldn't do as I wanted ter 'bout it, so when she begun agin urgin' me ter go, I tried ter bring up some other 'scuse, but she wouldn't take no fur an anser; and when I got up ter go home I'd almost sed I would, but I thought mebbe I'd better wait till I'd hed time ter think more 'bout it. I kept thinkin' all the way there, wonderin' what 'twas best ter do, whether ter make up my mind ter go, and then tell the Deacon what I was goin' ter do an' let him say what he hed a mind ter, or whether ter kind o' work 'round on his blind side till he giv in peace'ble 'thout hevin' any words 'bout it.

I've lived with the Deacon a good many year, and I orter know pritty well how ter manige him, but I'm free ter say it's more'n I know how ter do yet, ter git 'long with him when I want my own way. I think I've sed 'fore that he was dreadful set, and when anybody goes to crossin' him he's apt ter say sumthin' 'bout it, and jest as likely as not it'll be sumthin' pritty cuttin'. 'Tain't ter my mind ter be hevin' words with him, but I gin'rally feel called 'pon sech times ter tell him sum things. When he gits roused up a good

deal he's likely ter say sumthin' that ain't becomin' in a deacon, and 'tain't a pleasant way o' gittin' 'long, so sumtimes I've maniged ter git 'round him and git what I wanted ter, 'fore he found out what I was at. But I do hate ter be coaxin' a man up, feedin' him punkin' pie and fried cakes ter make him do as I want him ter, jest as tho' he was a big baby. I alers feel as if 'twas a lettin' down ter do it. Either way was bad 'nough, an' I couldn't fur the life o' me choose 'tween 'em, so I fin'lly settled it by sayin' I'd wait awhile 'fore I sed anything, and then be guv'rned by sarcumstances.

Wall, it run 'long sev'ril days, and then sure 'nough sarcumstances did guv'rn it.

One mornin', when we was eatin' breakfust, the Deacon sez, "I heerd 'em tellin' down ter the store last night that the Bakers is goin' ter the camp-meetin' ter Chetauquy." I didn't know whether he 'proved of it or not by the way he spoke, but I see he 'xpected me ter say sumthin', so I sez, "Yes, I heerd they was goin'; Mandy Hopkins is goin' with 'em, and she wants me ter go."

"Wants—you—ter—go?" sez he, as if 'twas the most redic'lous thing he ever heerd of. "Yes," sez I, and seein' the time hed come, I made up my mind I'd hev it out quick an' be done with it. "An' what's more, I'm *goin'*, and

'tain't no use fur ye ter say anything agin it, neither. I've stayed here and worked, year in and year out, and never got any thanks fur it, and now I'm goin' ter take a vacashun with the rest o' folks. Ye can't say I ain't arned it, and, seein' it's the fust one I ever hed, ye'd better be peace'ble 'bout it, fur I'm set ter go, and ye can't stop it." Anybody'd orter seen the Deacon's face when I got throu'! I'd talked so fast fur fear I shouldn't say all I wanted ter, that he hedn't a chance ter git in a word edgeways, and he just set with his mouth open, and looked at me as if he tho't I'd gone ravin' crazy.

Ef I'd bin seein' him then fur the fust time I don't b'lieve I sh'd a fell in love with him very bad, fur he didn't look as hansum as a picter. He ain't got but one lock o' hair left in front, and when it gits pritty long it hangs down on his for'head 'bout like them bangs, as they call 'em, that the gals is wearin' so much now'days, and 'tain't any more becomin' ter him 'n 'tis ter them. He hedn't shaved fur sev'ril days, and 'sides, there was sumthin' comin' on the end o' his nose that looked as tho' it might be a bile when it got settled, and, takin' him altergether, he didn't make a very favor'ble 'pearance. He waited so long 'fore he sed anything that I didn't know but

he was struck dum, but he fin'lly got his breath agin'.

"Nancy Hartshorn," sez he, "ez fur yer thinkin' that I'm goin' ter giv my consent ter

"NOBODY'S AXED YER TO, HAS THERE?" SEZ I.

any sech foolishness, ye kin jest giv it up ter wunst, fur I shan't go one step!" "Nobody's axed yer to, has there?" sez I. "I kal'late I'm old 'nough to go and take keer o' myself, and you're old 'nough ter stay ter home an'

do the same. I reckon I sh'dn't git much comfert out of it if ye did go, fur ye'd be growlin' 'bout sumthin' o' ruther all the time." I declare 'twas wuth goin' a good ways ter have seen him then.

His face hed bin gittin' redder 'n redder, till it looked like a big ripe punkin under a wisp o' hay. I could see he was ter'ble wro't up, but I wasn't goin' ter be beat out o' speakin' my mind fur all that. He hed ter think a spell ter find sumthin' ter say next, and then he sez, "Who's goin' ter giv ye money ter go with? Ye needn't count on any o' mine, I want ye ter understand." "Nobody's axed yer fur it," sez I, agin. "Thank goodness, I've got a leetle money that I've laid by from sellin' eggs and butter that didn't come out o' your pocket, and since I've arned it, I 'xpect I kin do what I want ter with it." *That* wound him up. I shouldn't wonder if it r'lieved him sum when he found 'twasn't goin' ter cost him nothin', but he was dreadful stirred up yit, fur I don't rec'llect as I'd ever set my foot down so 'bout anything 'fore, an' he didn't know what ter make of it; anyway, he didn't seem ter find anything ter say ter what I sed last, and pritty soon he took his hat and went off ter the barn.

I took a good deal o' comfort in thinkin' I'd come out a leetle ahead that time, for he

don't of'en git where he can't say nothin'. Wall, he never so much as peeped 'bout it arter that. I reckon he see 'twasn't no use makin' any disturbance, but he was mighty toppin', and acted as if he tho't he'd bin used awful. The only thing he sed was when I axed him if he hedn't better eat over ter Miss Slater's while I was gone. "I reckon I kin do my own cookin'," sez he, as lofty as a brigadeer-gineral. "I took keer o' myself 'fore I ever see you, and I cal'late I ain't furgot how yit."

"My sakes!" sez I, "if I'd knowed that 'fore I shouldn't a staid ter home as much as I hev. I sort o' hed an idee ye couldn't git 'long 'thout me." "That's where yer a leetle mistaken, Mis. Hartshorn," sez he. I was rale glad I'd found it out, fur I'd bin fidgitin' as ter how he'd manige ter git 'long, and 'twas a big load off ter know he wasn't goin' ter starve ter death. Mandy was dreadful pleased when I told her I was goin'. I didn't tell her but what the Deacon was perfeckly willin', fur I don't b'lieve in tellin' my 'fairs ter ev'rybody. "Hev ye got any sewin' ter do?" she axed, "if ye hev, bring it over an' I'll help ye with it." "No," sez I, "I ain't goin' ter take nothin' but my black alpacky fur best, and a caliker fur mornin', so I shan't need much sewin' done."

"Ain't ye goin' ter take yer black silk dress?" sez she.

"No, I ain't," sez I. "'Tain't no place ter be switchin' 'round with a silk dress in the woods. Nobody of any sence would think o' sech a thing." "Well, I gess you'd better take it," sez she. "I shouldn't wonder if there'd be lots o' folks there, and Sundays you'll want ter fix up sum. You bring it over and we'll see what fixin' it wants." "It don't need nothin' done ter it," sez I. "I've worn it jest as 'tis fur five year, and I 'xpect it'll do me fur sum time yit." "Yis," sez she, "it might do fur here; but ye see stiles has changed sum sence 'twas made, and if yer goin' 'way ye want ter be dressed stilish. I've got my sewin' most done, and I'll take it and make it look as good as new."

It didn't strike me favor'ble, but Mandy has sech a way o' talkin' folks over that there ain't no use settin' up aginst her; so I took it over and she sed if I'd git sum more silk and hev an overskirt and sum ruffles and a pleetin', 'twould look rale nice and stilish. "I don't feel like goin' inter sech 'xtravergunce," sez I; "I ain't got so very much money ter spend on this tower anyway, and I don't want ter scrimp myself by puttin' it all inter a dress." "Oh, 'twon't cost much ter go," sez she, "jest our fare on the keers, and you can

'ford ter spend sumthin' fur the sake o' hevin' a nice dress." So I giv in and let her fix it as she wanted ter; and when she'd got it done I tried it on and I couldn't see but what I looked 'bout as smart as them picters in the fashun books. It didn't look ter me ter be quite the thing fur me ter wear, and I knew the Deacon would think 'twas downright wicked.

I wasn't pertic'ler anxious he should see it, and I hed ter carry it home arter dark and keep it hid out o' sight fur fear he'd find out 'bout it. Wal, there was a sight ter be 'tended ter arter that, and it kept Mandy and me runnin' back and forth most the time ter talk matters over. "We sh'll want ter take lots ter eat," sez she, "fur 'tain't no ways likely we kin git anything over there." "How be we goin' ter carry so much?" I axed. "We kin send it with Mr. Baker," sez she, "he's goin' ter take a load, and he'll put in all we want ter send." "Well," I sez, "we've got most a barr'l o' pork, and I kin take part o' that and three or four bushels o' taters; and there's a crock o' butter I put down last month—I kin take that and sum eggs an' tea, an' sum o' them quince presarves." "Wait, Mis. Hartshorn," sez she, "ye ain't leavin' me nothin' ter take;" and so we set down and made out a list o' what we sh'd want and devided it up 'tween us. I didn't do nothin' else but cook

and bake fur as much as four or five days 'fore we went. I hed a dubble share, fur I hed ter cook up 'nough so's the Deacon wouldn't be obleeged ter go ter the nabors ter git sumthin' ter eat, 'sides what I was goin' ter take 'long.

Notwithstandin' his boastin' I hedn't much o' pinyun of his cookin' powers, and I was pritty sertin' he'd be glad ter git hold o' sum o' my doughnuts and 'lecshun cake. When the last thing was done and everything packed up ready ter start airly the next mornin', I do b'lieve I was the tiredest woman on airth. I didn't durst ter say anything, but I jest lay and acked all night, and when mornin' come I hedn't slept hardly a wink, and if it hedn't bin fur sev'ril things I sh'd a felt like givin' up goin'; but I'd started out ter go ter Chetauquy, and I was goin' if I hed ter be carried there. I 'xpect the Deacon tho't mebbe I wouldn't go, but he'd hanged himself 'fore he'd axed me ter stay. I couldn't help feelin' kind o' sorry fur him, fur he did look drefful sober, and kept goin' out and comin' in as if he didn't know what ter do with himself. I'd done up his shirts rale nice and mended his socks, and told him where ev'rything was so he couldn't say I'd niglected him, but when the time come ter go, and Mr. Baker come 'long ter take my things an' me ter the stashun, I was pritty near wishin' I'd never heerd o' Chetauquy.

CHAPTER II.

THE START.

I KNEW 'twouldn't do ter back out now, so I got in and we drove off, leavin' him standin' there lookin' as lonesum as our old turkey-gobbler did last thanksgivin,' when we'd killed all the rest. We hedn't gone fur 'fore I found I'd come 'way in sech a flurry that I'd left my band-box.

"Oh, Mr. Baker, stop!" sez I, "I've gone and left my bandbox ter home and it's got my best bunnit in it; I must go right back and git it." He looked provoked 'nough ter say sumthin' bad, but he didn't say it so I could hear it, and we turned 'round and went back arter it. The Deacon stood there where we left him, and when we we got near 'nough I called out to him, "Deacon, go and git my bandbox; it's on the table in the settin' room." He went in and got it, and bro't it out ter the waggin', and sez he, "Yer alers furgittin' sumthin'." That nettled me sum, fur I ain't a sarcumstance ter him when it comes ter furgittin' things. I waited till we drove on a bit and then I spoke back and sez, "Don't

furgit ter shave and put on a clean shirt Sunday if I ain't there ter tell ye to do it."

I alers make it a pint ter giv the Deacon as good as he sends, fur I learnt tain't a good plan ter let a man think he's sed sumthin' ye can't anser. We didn't hev ter wait long arter we got ter the stashun. Mandy nor me hedn't either o' us ever travel'd much, so we let Mr. Baker git our tickets and 'tend to things, and we got on the keers as quick as we could, fur I was in a great worry fur fear sumthin' 'd happ'n that we sh'd git left.

When we got started I felt a bit easier, but twasn't long 'fore I was in a fidgit agin, fur we kept goin' faster and faster and switchin' 'round them curves so like lightnin' that 'twas 'nough ter make a'body's hair stand strait up. I 'xpected ev'ry minit ter go ter everlastin' distrucshun, and I tho't mebbe 'twould be a jedgment on me if I should, fur goin' off and leavin' the Deacon that way, an' I sed ter myself if I was ever spared ter git home I'd stay there, that was certin. I jest set there and held on ter the seat with one hand and my bandbox with t'other, fur I was bound if anything happ'n'd ter me I wasn't goin' ter leave my bunnit behind fur sumbody else ter git hold of. Arter a little I begun ter git more used ter it, and when I see the rest o' 'em didn't seem to mind it I

felt more comfort'ble; but I wasn't any sorry when we got ter Mayvill, where we was ter git off. I shouldn't a knowed what on airth ter do then if I'd bin 'lone, fur there was two boats hitched there, and everybody was hurryin' and scramblin' ter git onter 'em as if there wasn't room fur only a few. I couldn't think where so many folks was goin' ter, fur sum of 'em was dressed up so fine I knew they couldn't be goin' ter the camp-meetin'. I tho't likely there was sum big doin's sumwhere, and I made up my mind I'd find out 'bout it soon's I hed a chance. Mr. Baker kept hurryin' us so I was all in a fluster when we'd fin'lly maniged ter git onter one o' the boats. That's jest like a man! I never see one yit that wouldn't hurry a woman most ter death when they're goin' anywhere. I 'xpect it comes nat'ral ter 'em, fur they're all alike. When I'd made sure that my bandbox and bundles was all safe, I begun ter look 'round ter see who 'peared ter be goin' ter camp-meetin', but I couldn't see anybody that looked a bit like the sort o' folks that gin'rally go there, and I sed ter myself like as not we'd bin and got on the wrong boat. I couldn't rest a minit then till I'd found out, so I walked right up ter a man that was standin' near me and sez, "Does this boat stop ter the camp-meetin'?" He

looked at me ruther funny and then he sez, "Sartingly, mam." "I'm glad ter hear it," sez I, "fur I was 'feered I was bein' carried off ter a pick-nick or sumthin'. I 'xpect that's where all these folks is goin' ter." "No, mam," sez he, "these folks is all goin' ter Chetauquy." "Ye don't say so!" sez I.

"Why, yes," sez he, "why not?"

"Why, they're all laffin' and jokin' and carryin' on so, I didn't s'pose they'd want ter go ter sech a place." He laffed, but I didn't know what 'twas fur, and I went back ter where our folks was. With Mr. Baker and Miss Baker and the baby and Mandy and me and the Jones, 'sides sev'ril more from our place, it looked as tho' there wouldn't be no need o' my gittin' lonesum, but fur all that I couldn't help feelin' as if I was an awful long ways from home, and it seemed as much as a week sence I come 'way. If it hedn't bin fur that, I should ruther injoyed it on the boat, fur 'twas butiful ter look off ter the shore, on both sides, and see the green grass growin' 'most down ter the water, and the hills risin' up behind all kivered with trees, till the topmost o' 'em looked as if they was standin' right up aginst the white clouds. Seemed like there'd bin a big holler scooped out and that air lake dropped down there, jest a purpus so's folks could ride over it and see

what a grand picter it made; and there it lay, as quiet as a sleepin' baby, and let them big boats go plowin' over it, as if it knowed what 'twas there fur. I rec'lected hearin' the Deacon read one mornin' that the voice of God was 'pon the waters, and seein' 'em so still made me think mebbe they was list'nin' ter hear what he sed. It made me feel kind o' sollum like, and I couldn't bear ter hear folks jabberin' like so many geese. I gess they didn't all feel that way, fur pritty soon I sez to Mandy, "Ain't it butiful!" "What?" she axed. "Why, off yender," sez I. "Yes," sez she, "it looks nice, but hev you seen that dress that girl's got on? It's perfeckly lovely! Sech sights and sights o' beads and lace as there is on it!" I looked where she sed and see two gals standin' close ter us all rigged up fit ter kill, and talkin' as glib as if their tungs was paid fur runnin'. I hedn't paid any 'tenshun ter what they was sayin' 'fore, but jest then one of 'em sez ter the tuther, "Where be you goin' ter stay?" "Oh," sez she, "we alers stay ter the hotell; 'most all the city folks do. It's ever so nice there. The band plays ev'ry night and we go out boatin' or walkin' and hev splendid times. Why, last year we was out on the lake, or ridin' 'round the grounds 'most all the time, and we didn't go ter hardly one o'

the meetin's. 'Twas perfeckly charmin'! Oh! Liz," sez she, "if there ain't Mr. Tompkins! Ain't he too killin' fur anythin'? Let's walk 'round that way jest ter see him take off his hat ter us." And off they went a gigglin'. "What place was it where they hev sech fine times?" sez I ter Mandy. "I don't know, but I thought I heerd 'em say they was goin' ter Chetauquy," sez she. "'Tain't very likely," sez I, "fur there wouldn't be no sech carryin's on there as what they was tellin' 'bout. Mebbe 'twas *that* place they was speakin' of," sez I, pintin' ter sumthin' that looked like a settlement o' sum kind that we was jest passin'. "Oh, no," sez she, "that's Pint Chetauquy."

"I never heerd o' sech a place," sez I. Then she sez, "That b'longs ter the Baptists. They've bought all the land on that side, and they're goin' ter fix it up and make it ever so much nicer'n Chetauquy. I s'pose there wasn't room fur 'em all there." "Wall," sez I, "I've notised the Methodes and Baptists alers seem ter git 'long tergether pritty peacable—providin' ye let water 'nough run between 'em, and I don't see no reason why they can't reach over now and shake hands and trot 'long rale lovin'. It's awful fort'nit this ere lake happ'n'd ter be jest here." Right then Mr. Baker come 'long and sez,

"Git yer things tergether, fur here we air ter Chetauquy." "Where is it?" I axed. "Why there," sez he, "can't ye see anythin'?" "Land sakes!" sez I, "ye don't mean ter say all that's Chetauquy! Why, it's a nashun sight bigger'n I s'posed 'twas. I tho't our camp-meetin' grounds was big but that beats 'em all holler. There's as much as nine or ten aker, ain't there?" "Nine or ten aker!" sez he, "there's mor'n two hunderd." "Goodness, grashus!" I sez, "what on airth air they goin' ter do with it all?" "Oh," he sez, "they hev ter hev so much so's folks won't be crowded. Ye see there's Methodists and Baptists and Presbiterans and Congregashunists and 'Piscopals and Lutherans and 'Nited Brethren, and a good many more 'nominashuns here, and 'twouldn't do ter crowd 'em in too thick; they've all got ter hev elbow room, and if this thing keeps on growin' I 'xpect they'll hev ter hev two hunderd more in a year or two." "I should think sumbody'd git lost," sez I. "They do, sumtimes, but I gess they alers git found agin," sez he. That set me ter fidgitin' agin, fur I wasn't ust ter gittin' 'round where there was so much room, and I felt 'most sure I'd git lost; but I tho't I'd be keerful 'bout wanderin' way from everybody and mebbe I wouldn't. There was lots o' folks hed come

down ter the landin' ter meet us, and they was wavin' their handkerchers and actin' as if they was tickled most ter death 'cause we'd come. I tho't 'twas rale kind of 'em seein' we was mostly strangers, but I found out arterwards 'twas the way they did ev'ry time a boat come in, so's ter let 'em know they was welcum. I didn't see no place ter land, and I kept wonderin' how sech a big boat was ever goin' ter git up close 'nough ter let us git off but it kept tuggin' and puffin', and pritty soon it bumped up aginst sumthin', Mr. Baker sed was the dock, and stopped, and then ev'rybody went ter scrabblin' and pushin' ter see who sh'd git off fust. There wasn't nothin' but two planks nailed ter-gether fur 'em ter walk over on, but I don't 'xpect the strait and narrer way to heaven will ever be haf as crowded as them two planks was fur the next few minits. I tho't I'd wait a bit 'fore I resked my neck in that way, but they jest carried me right 'long with 'em and I couldn't help myself. I sh'll alers think 'twas a mericle that I didn't fall inter the water and git drownded. I hild onter my things as well as I could, but the top o' my bandbox was all knocked in, and my bag o' cookies I'd bro't long in case I sh'd git hungry was all spilled, and the handle ter my umbril hed got hooked inter

a man's coat pocket, and by the time I got that onhitched I was so frustrated I didn't know whether I was Nancy Hartshorn or sumbody else.

'Fore we got off the boat we all 'greed we'd keep tergether, but there wasn't no sech thing as keepin' tergether in *that* crowd o' folks, and when I looked 'round ter see where the rest was I couldn't see any of 'em. Then I was in a peck o' trouble fur fear I'd never find 'em agin, but 'twasn't but a few minits 'fore they come 'long, one arter nuther, and soon's we'd got strait'ned up sum we started on. I see 'em all goin' throu' anuther narrer passige way, so I tho't I'd foller the rest; but jest then a man ketched hold of me an' sez, "Here, ye can't go throu' there till you've bought a ticket." "I didn't know as I hed ter buy a ticket," sez I. "Of course ye do," sez he; "did ye s'pose you was goin' in free?" "How much is it?" I axed. "Thirty cents a day," sez he; "but if you're goin' ter stay long you'd better buy a season ticket, and that's two dollars."

CHAPTER III.

OUR TENT.

I WASN'T 'xpectin' ter pay so much, but I see the rest was all doin' it so I didn't say nothin', but give him the money, and he give me a red ticket with two holes punched in it. I couldn't help thinkin' that it seemed jest like goin' ter a cirkis—hevin' ter buy a ticket 'fore ye could go in and see the show. Any way, it wasn't a bit like a camp-meetin', but then I hedn't seen anything that was, so fur, and I was beginnin' ter think there was sumthin' out o' jint sumwhere. I was 'feerd there might be sum pick-pocketers 'round and I tho't I'd take keer o' that ticket, so I stepped off ter one side and put it in a pocket in my petticoat where I knowed 'twould be safe, and then I hurried 'long ter ketch up with the rest. There was a rale nice-lookin' man standin' behind a railin' that was bilt up there, and when I went ter go past him he reached out his hand and smiled, as if he was proper glad ter see me. I didn't r'member ever seein' him 'fore, but I wasn't goin' ter be so oncivel as not ter shake hands with him, so I

shook hands and sez, "How d'ye do?" rale corjeel.

"It's your ticket I want, mam," sez he. I declare, I never was so worked in my life. I hedn't any idee that was what he wanted, and what I was ter do I didn't know, fur I couldn't git ter it there, nur tell him where 'twas. "Oh, I forgot," sez I, and then I went back agin out o' sight and got it out and started wunce more. I didn't keep him waitin' long that time, but handed it ter him as quick as I could and walked on.

"Wait," sez he, "ye kin hev it agin, I only wanted ter see it;" and then I was mad. Ter think I'd bin ter all that trouble, when I might jest as well told him in the fust place that I'd got it!

"I'd like ter know where you've bin?" sez Mandy. "We've bin waitin' ever so long fur ye." "I stopped ter shake hands with a man," sez I, and that's all I told her, fur I wouldn't hed her know 'bout it fur all the wurld. I looked all 'round, and then I sez ter Mr. Baker, "I don't see no camp-meetin'. Where is it?" "We ain't got ter it yit," sez he, laffin', "this is the perade ground.' "What's that?" I sez. "Why, ye see there's a good many come here jist ter see folks and have folks see them, and they don't hev nothin' ter do but ter put on ther good clothes and walk

'round ter show em. It's a good place fur that, down here ter the landin', so they call it the perade ground." I tho't 'twas queer fur sech a thing ter be jined on ter a camp-meetin', but I didn't blame 'em none fur puttin' it there, fur 'twas—as I heerd sum ladies say that was goin' past—"perfeckly lovely." The ground hed all bin cleared up and 'twas as smooth and clean as my kitchen floor, and there was seats fixed ev'rywhere, so when anybody got tired walkin' 'round they could set down and watch the boats sailin' on the water if they wanted ter. Seemed as tho' there wasn't a log nur a stump that hedn't bin made inter a seat or kivered up with vines and flowers till ye couldn't tell what 'twas. Then there was imagys set up 'round ter make it look nice (only I should a liked 'em better if they'd hed more clothes on), and it did seem as if ev'rything hed bin done that could be ter make it butiful. Then if ye got hungry there was peanuts and candy, and sech things, that ye could git by payin' fur 'em (I s'posed then they giv 'em 'way free, but I found out arterwards 'twasn't so). There was sights of folks walkin' and settin' 'round, and I must say I never see sech dressin' in all my life. I couldn't think o' nothin' but Vanity Fair in Pilgrim's Progress, but I don't s'pose I orter lik'ned it to that. I was so took up

with lookin' 'round I don't know as I should got any further if Mandy hedn't a took hold o' me and sez, "Fur mercy sakes! Do come 'long or we shan't never git ter our tent!"

"How fur hev we got ter go?" sez I ter Mr. Baker when we'd ketched up with him. "Oh, it's quite a walk yit," sez he, "our tent is on Miller Av'nu, and that's 'way up the hill yender." "Wall," sez I, "if this ain't the queerest place I ever was ter in all my days. There's houses here a good deal nicer'n ourn, and streets all laid out jest like a city." "Yis," sez he, "but there ain't no chance fur anybody ter put on any aristockrasy here, fur ev'rybody lives on an av'nu." I couldn't see how he knowed where ter go, fur I was so mixed up with seein' things so diff'runt from what I 'xpected that I shouldn't a known what in the world ter do if there hedn't bin sumbody 'long ter tell me. But then he'd bin there 'fore and sort o' got the run o' the thing, and so was more ter home. I tho't we must a walked much as a mile 'fore he sed, "Here's our tent," and I was proper glad ter git ter a stopping-place, fur I was beginnin' ter feel as tho' a cup o' tea and sumthin' ter eat would taste 'mazin' good. When we got inter it and I looked 'round ter see what sort o' place 'twas it struck me there wouldn't be any 'commodashuns ter spare, fur the tent

wasn't very big ter begin with, and there was a kertin stretcht 'cross so's ter make two rooms—one fur Mr. Baker's folks and one fur Mandy and me. I tho't 'twas rale lucky that Mandy was ruther smallish, fur if she'd took up as much room as I do there wouldn't a bin any left. The furniter wasn't nothin' extry—jist a bed and a table made o' boards laid 'cross sumthin' that looked like a saw-horse, but I'd bin ter camp-meetin's 'fore, and I didn't 'spect ev'rything was goin' ter be as convenyunt as 'twas ter home. There was a stove outside that we was ter do our cookin' on, and 'twasn't long 'fore Mr. Baker hed a fire goin' and we hed sum taters bilin' and the tea steepin'. When we'd got our dinner ready and was goin' ter set down I looked 'round fur a cheer, and sez I, "Goodness me! what air we goin' ter set on?" "I'm sure I don't know," sez she, "I never tho't o' that." "Wal, I can't stand up ter eat, that's certin," sez I; "you jist take hold o' the underpinin' o' that ere table and we'll hitch it up ter the bed and set on *that*." We hed ter be dreadful keerful fur fear o' upsettin' ev'rything, fur 'twasn't made fur movin', but we fin'lly maniged it, and it 'peared ter me vittles never tasted as good 'fore as they did settin' on that bed and eatin' off that rickety table. When we'd eat our dinner we went ter on-

packin' the things we'd sent over and stowin' 'em 'way where we could find a bit o' room. "Ain't ye goin' ter meetin' this arternoon?" Mandy axed. "No," sez I, "I ain't goin' ter no meetin's till I've got things settled. I want ter git sumthin' ter sleep on, and sumthin' ter set on, 'fore I do anything else." "Let's axe Mr. Baker 'bout it," sez she; so I went ter him and sez, "What air we goin' ter do fur a bed and sum cheers?" "There's a place where ye kin git sum straw ter fill yer bed, and I gess ye kin git sum cheers ter the intel'igence offis. I'll 'tend ter gittin' the straw fur ye, and you and Mandy kin go and see 'bout the cheers."

"What's the intel'igence offis?" sez I.

"It's the place where ev'rybody goes when they want ter git sumthin', or find out 'bout anything." "I'm goin' down ter see 'bout gittin' them trunks and I kin show ye where 'tis," sez he; so I went 'long with him clear down most ter the landin' agin, and he pinted it out ter me and sez, "You go and ax that man in there and he'll tell ye what ter do." I went in where he sed, and found lots o' folks there axin' all sorts o' questyuns throu' a little winder ter a man that was settin' there and 'ritin'. I sh'd a tho't 'twould a bin confusin' ter him ter hev ter anser 'em and 'rite, all ter wunst, but he didn't seem ter mind it.

I didn't know as I'd ever git a chance ter ax him anything, fur there was so many there 'fore I was that I hed ter wait till my turn come.

When it did, I put in my head and sez I, "Kin I borrer sum cheers here?" He went right on 'ritin', and jest as I was goin' ter ax him agin he looked up and sez, "I gess ye kin rent sum here." "I don't want ter rent 'em," sez I, "I jest want ter borrer sum." "We don't keep cheers ter lend," sez he, lookin' as if there was sumthin' dreadful funny 'bout it. "What'll ye charge ter rent 'em, then?" I axed. "Twenty cents," sez he. "Wal, I didn't 'xpect ter pay fur 'em, but I s'pose I'll hev ter, fur I've got ter hev sumthin' ter set on," sez I. He acted as if sumthin' was chokin' him, and kept lookin' 'round ter sumbody I couldn't see. Bimeby he sez, "How many d'ye want?" "Two," sez I, and then he took up his pen agin, and went ter 'ritin' as if he'd furgot all 'bout it. When I'd waited a spell, and he didn't do nothin' 'bout it, I spoke agin and sez, "When kin I git them cheers?" He waited till he'd 'rote sum more, and then he sez, "Where'll ye hev 'em sent?" "Ter Mr. Baker's tent," I told him. "What street?" sez he, and I declare he might as well axed me ter tell him the name o' his great-grandfather, fur if I'd bin goin' ter be hung

I couldn't a told what street we was on. The only thing I could r'member was that 'twas on sum av'nu, and I stood and racked my brains tryin' ter think what 'twas; but the more I tried the more I couldn't, and what ter do I didn't know.

"Why, don't ye know where Mr. Baker's tent is?" sez I. "I'm sorry to say I don't," sez he, smilin' a good deal. "I gess ye'll hev ter go and find out." There wasn't nothin' else ter do, so I started back agin ter find out where 'twas. If I'd bin a man I know jest what I sh'd a done. I was mad 'nough ter do it as 'twas, but seein' I was a member o' the church I don't s'pose 'twould a bin proper. I walked 'long a leetle ways and then I come ter a place where there was sev'ril streets all startin' off diff'runt ways, and ter save me I couldn't tell which I orter take. I knew I hed ter go up a hill, but I see I'd hev ter do that whichever I took, and there wasn't nothin' ter tell one from anuther. If I'd a knowed what ter ax fur I could a axed sumbody, but I didn't know what street I wanted or where 'twas, and if ever anybody hed a good 'scuse fur feelin' lonesum I gess 'twas me. I set down on a seat ter think what ter do, and I tho't I'd giv ev'rything I'd got ter see sumbody I knowed. 'Twasn't bein' lost egsackly, but I hed the same feelin's, I 'xpect, that I sh'd a

hed if I hed bin. Arter a while there was two ladies went past where I was, and I heerd one o' 'em say ter the t'other, "Where be you stoppin'?" "On Miller av'nu," sez she, and then it come ter me as quick as lightnin' that was the name o' *my* street. I didn't spend much time settin' there then, but trotted back, and stickin' my head inter the winder agin, I sez, "It's Miller av'nu where Mr. Baker's is." He looked up and laffed, and then he went on 'ritin'. Pritty soon he tore off sumthin' he'd 'rote and giv it ter me. "What's this fur?" I axed. "That's fur ye ter take over ter that buildin' there," sez he, pintin' it out ter me; "you jest hand it ter them, and they'll 'tend ter it." I giv him twenty cents and went over ter where he sed; but 'fore I got there I tho't I'd take a look at that paper, fur I mistrusted he'd bin makin' out a morgige on them cheers, and meant ter git me inter trouble sum way. I couldn't make much out of it, only that they was ter send sum cheers up ter Mr. Baker's, on Miller av'nu, so I tho't I'd resk it, sense it hedn't got my name on it; but I ain't found out ter this day what it took him so long fur ter 'rite that paper. I went in and giv it ter a likely lookin' young feller that was there, and sez I, "I want ye ter understand I ain't buyin' them cheers, and I ain't thinkin' o' stealin' 'em; I've

jest hired em fur a spell, and when I git throu' with 'em ye kin hev 'em agin." "All right," sez he, "we'll send 'em up right off," and then, seein' I got that bisness settled, I set out agin ter go back ter the tent. I didn't hev no trouble in findin' the way this time, fur when I come ter that place where the streets come tergether so, I axed a man ter tell me which was Miller av'nu, and when I got on that it didn't take me long ter find our tent. "Why," sez Mandy when I come in, "you was gone so long we tho't you'd got lost, and I was jest goin' ter find ye." "It took that man in the inteligence offiis so long ter make out the 'ritin's fur them cheers," sez I, "I tho't I'd never git it fixed. I hed ter pay twenty cents a piece fur the priv'lege o' settin' in 'em while we stay here." "And I hed ter pay twenty cents a piece fur gittin' our trunks fetched up," sez she. "Dear me," sez I, "I wish I'd left mine ter home. I could if it hedn't bin fur that silk dress, and I wouldn't a bro't that if I'd s'posed 'twas goin' ter cost so much ter git it here." "I gess ye won't be sorry ye bro't it," sez she. "But what d'ye s'pose we hed to pay fur gittin' the straw fur our bed?" "Why, we alers giv it 'way ter home," sez I, "and I don't s'pose they'd charge much fur it here." "Only fifty cents," sez she. "Fifty cents!" sez I. "My pashunce,

I wish I'd bro't sum 'long in my trunk; I could a bro't most as much as there is. I wonder what next ther'll be ter pay fur." "Wal, there ain't no way but ter put up with it," sez she. "I've come here ter hev a good time and I'm goin' ter, if it takes the last cent I've got." "I never was ter a camp-meetin' 'fore where I hed ter pay fur things so," I sez. "I don't more'n haf b'leve 'tis a camp-meetin', anyhow." "I don't know as anybody sed 'twas," sez she sort o' spiteful; "they call it a Sunday School 'Sembly, and I 'xpect that's diff'runt from a camp-meetin'." I was goin' ter say that as fur as I'd seen 'twasn't any improvmunt on 'em, but jest then Marier Jones come in. "I tho't I'd run in and see ye a minit," sez she, "so ye wouldn't feel lonesum." (She'd bin there sev'ril days, so she felt more ter home.) "You missed a good deal by not bein' here ter the openin'; they hed speeches and fireworks and other nice things, and 'twas jest splendid. Hev ye bin ter any o' the meetin's yit?"

"No, we wanted ter git settled furst," sez Mandy. "You must go this evenin'," sez she, "there's goin' ter be a lecter in the ample-theater, and you must go airly so's ter git good seats." "Ye don't mean ter say they've got a theater here!" sez I, and I gess I looked drefful horryfied, fur she couldn't anser fur a

minit or two fur laffin'. Then she sez, "Oh, no, it's the ampletheater—the buildin' where they hold all the big meetin's." "Why don't they call it a meetin'-house then?" sez I. "'Cause 'tain't one," sez she, "it's a great deal nicer'n any meetin'-house. You see when they was lookin' 'round fur a place ter hold ther meetin's, they found a big holler with the ground risin' sudd'n 'round it, so's it made it like a big washbowl. They sed that was jest what they wanted, so they hed it all cleared up, and seats put 'round three sides, one 'bove 'nuther, so that the front ones was down in the holler, and the back ones was up on top the hill. Then they put a pulpit down in front, and built a place fur the ones who was ter do the singin' up back o' that, and put a roof over the hull, and it makes it the grandest place ye ever see. But, then, Dr. Vinson knows how ter do things nice," sez she. "I think he's perfeckly splendid. It's jest wonderful ter see how he keeps ev'rything movin' 'long so smooth 'thout any hitch anywhere. I don't know what in the world ev'rybody'd do if anything should happ'n ter him," and she looked proper sober fur thinkin' 'bout it. "Is he the man that's bossin' this thing?" I axed her. "Yes," sez she, "he's got it all on his hands. If it hedn't bin fur him I don't s'pose there'd bin any Chetauquy." "'Pears

ter me it's a good deal fur one man ter 'tend ter," sez I. "Oh, o' course he has sumbody ter help him, but they only do what he tells 'em ter; he has ter 'range ev'rything, and it's jest a mericle that he's 'live yit, with so much 'sponsibility restin' on him." "Don't he git any pay fur it?" sez I. "No," sez she. "He won't take nothin'. He jest gives up his time, and works so hard, and spends lots o' money, so's ter make it pleasant fur other folks. I don't b'lieve there's 'nuther sech a man livin'." "No," sez I, "I don't b'lieve there is, neither. I want ter git a look at him. Will he be ter the meetin' this evenin'?" "Yes," sez she, "he leads all the meetin's; but I've staid so long now, I'll hev ter hurry or I'll be late. I'll call 'round fur ye when I go," she sez, as she was goin' 'way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE "AMPLETHEATER" MEETING.

I WAS feelin' pritty much used up and wasn't kal'latin' on goin' anywhere that evenin', but Mandy wanted ter go and I tho't mebbe I'd better go 'long so's ter keep her comp'ny. Marier come fur us 'fore we was ready, and she wouldn't hardly giv us time ter git our things on, she kept hurryin' us so. "I don't see no sense in goin' so airly," sez I, tryin' ter tie my bunnit strings by peekin' over Mandy's head inter the lookin'-glass. "You'll see sense 'nough in it when ye git there," sez she; and sure 'nough we wasn't a bit too airly, fur folks was goin' in droves, and 'fore we got there I begun ter worry fur fear we wouldn't git in. I'd sort o' got an idee 'bout the ampletheater from what Marier'd sed, but when we come up ter it, I declare, fur a minit it jest took 'way my breath. "Goodness grashus!" sez I. "I should think there was room fur more'n a millyun folks!" "Oh, no," sez she, "I b'leve it only holds 'bout seven thousand." "Wal, seven thousand's more'n I ever see tergether ter wunst," sez I. "Ain't there no danger o' sumthin' givin' way and ev'rybody bein'

pitched down there in front?" "I gess not," sez she, "fur there ain't nothin' ter giv 'way." Arter we'd got seats there was time ter set and watch folks, and 'twas 'most as good as a show ter see 'em come pourin' in, as if there wasn't but one good seat there, and ev'rybody wanted ter git it. It was lit up so ye could see from one side clear ter tuther 'most as plain as day, and I tho't while I was lookin' 'em over that 'twas 'bout as good a lookin' crowd o' folks as I ever see. 'Twasn't long 'fore 'bout ev'ry seat was full, and then they kept comin' with cheers and goin' down in front, by the pulpit. The iles was so steep anybody hed ter go pritty fast when they got started, and it did look 'mazin' funny ter see a dreadful dignyfied lookin' individerel start out with his cheer ter git there. He'd start mighty slow and proper, but he'd keep goin' faster and faster, till 'fore he got ter the bottom his head 'd be bobbin' up and down like a jumpin' jack. I come pritty near laffin' two or three times, but I didn't, fur I tho't 'twouldn't look well.

"Where's Dr. Vinson?" sez I, bime by, ter Mandy, fur I was feelin' rale curus ter see him There was sev'ril men settin' in the pulpit, but I didn't see nobody that I tho't was him. Just then one o' them got up and come 'long out in front, and as soon's folks

see him the talkin' and noise all stopped, and 'twas as still as a Quaker-meetin'. "That's him," sez she. "Ye don't say so!" sez I, fur I was dreadful disappinted. I s'posed he'd hev on sum reg'mentals and a sord, like a gineral, but he was drest jest like other folks, and, 'xceptin' that he wasn't so old nur so gray, I couldn't see that he was one bit better lookin' than the Deacon is when he gets his Sunday clothes on. I ruther liked his looks, tho', and I couldn't help thinkin' it looked a heap more sensible fur him not ter be wearin' reg'mentals. I was in hopes he was goin' ter preach, but he jest giv' out sum notises and then he told what there was ter be the next day, and I declare if 'twasn't meetin's all the time from 8 o'clock in the mornin' till 8 o'clock in the evenin'.

"Sakes alive!" sez I, "hev we got ter go ter all them?" "No," sez Marier, "ye ain't got ter go ter any of 'em, 'nless ye want ter. There don't hardly anybody go ter all of 'em, 'thout it's the C. L. S. C.'s." "Who's that?" sez I. "Oh, I can't tell you now," sez she, "you'll find out 'fore ye've bin here long." I couldn't help wonderin' who she meant, and while I was thinkin' I heerd Dr. Vinson giv' out that the C. L. S. C.'s was ter meet sumwhere fur sumthin' the next mornin', and then I wonder'd mor'n ever. I wouldn't ax her agin' but

I tho't mebbe 'twas a comp'ny o' soljers he was trainin' fur the army, fur his voice sounded as if he was ust ter commandin' sumbody. When he'd giv' out all the notises he sed the quire would sing a piece, and then there was as much as two or three hunderd folks that was settin' in the gall'ry behind the pulpit stood up and sung sumthin'. I couldn't tell what 'twas, but I never hed heerd sech nice singin' 'fore in my life. It sounded more like a camp-meetin' than anything else I'd heerd, only I didn't r'member ever hearin' the tune 'fore. When they was throu' singin' he interdused perfesser sumbody that was ter lecter. I don't rec'lect what his name was, nur what he lectered 'bout, fur there was so much ter see that it took up my mind so I didn't pay no 'tenshun ter what was sed. I alers feel a good deal more like watchin' folks 'n I do like hearin' a lecter, and there was chance 'nough fur it there. There was lots o' nice lookin' men, and them I took ter be preachers; and sum that wasn't so nice lookin' I took to be editers, fur I ain't never seen an editer yit that was much hansum. I s'pose they git so ust ter screwin' ther faces up when they're 'ritin' that they sort o' grow so, and then most o' 'em hev a way o' squintin' at folks as if they was spec'latin' whether they can't make sumthin' out o' 'em.

One thing struck me as ruther su'prisin', and that was the number o' weakly young wimmin there was there. I 'spose likely they was there fur ther health, but I tho't they must want ter hear a lecter pritty bad ter go when they couldn't set up 'thout leanin' onter sumbody. They all hed a young man 'long ter take keer of 'em, and they was rale good ter 'em and held 'em up all throu' the lecter. I notised they didn't any o' 'em 'pear ter pay much 'tenshun ter what was sed, but prob'ble 'twas 'cause they felt so bad. If I'd hed my smellin' salts 'long I sh'd a offer'd it ter one of 'em that set right in front o' me, fur she couldn't hardly hold her head up. It would keep loppin' over towards the feller's shoulder that was with her. I felt consid'r'ble sorry fur him, fur she was a pritty good size fur a sickly person, and he was nothin' but skin an' bone, an' looked as tho' she'd better be holdin' him up. I watched 'em fur awhile, and then I nudged Mandy and sez I, "I'm 'feerd sumthin's the matter with that young woman. Hedn't we better try and do sumthin' fur her?" "I don't think she's sufferin' much," sez she, and then she and Marier went ter laffin', which I didn't think looked very well. I didn't hear 'nough o' that lecter ter pay fur goin', but I wasn't sorry I went, fur I'd seen a good deal. When 'twas throu' they hed

sum more singin', and then Dr. Vinson sed there was goin' ter be sumthin' else; but Mandy and me was so tired we tho't we wouldn't stay any longer, and so Marier went with us, fur we never could found the way 'lone. "Well, how did ye like it?" sez she, when we got out.

"It's diff'runt from any place I ever was ter 'fore," sez I, "and I can't say yet whether I like it or not. I'm thinkin' more now 'bout gittin' sum place ter rest'n anything else, fur 'pears ter me I never was so wore out when I'd bin cleanin' house all day." "Well," sez she, "you must try and git rested up ter night, fur you'll want ter go all day termorrer. Shell you go to the airly lecter at 8 o'clock?" "No," sez I, "ye don't ketch me goin' ter no lecter at 8 o'clock. I kin hear all I want ter 'thout goin' 'fore I git my breakfust eat. I ain't kal'latin' on gittin' up very airly, seein' I ain't 'bleeged ter." "I don't think you'll be likely ter sleep very late," sez she, laffin'. "Why not?" sez I. "Oh," sez she, "folks ain't 'lowed to sleep arter six o'clock here." "Wal," sez I, "if that ain't a pritty how ter do! I don't know's anybody's goin' ter keep me from sleepin' as long as I want ter, if I'm a mind ter." "You'll see," sez she, and then, as we'd got ter our tent, she sed good-night and went on. "What did she mean?" I sez

ter Mandy. "I don't know, and I don't keer," sez she; "I'm goin' ter git all the sleep I kin, anyhow."

It did seem as if we'd never git ter bed. I wasn't ust ter sleepin' where I couldn't lock the doors, and I felt dreadful narvous 'bout it, fur I didn't know who might be prowlin' 'round. I worked a good while fixin' the kertin so nobody could git in, and then I set the table up aginst it, and put the two cheers on top o' that. "There," sez I, "I gess we're as safe as anybody *kin* be here." "I don't know," sez she, lookin' 'round, "I shouldn't wonder if a robber could crawl in under the tent. I'm sure they could if they was a mind ter." "Sure 'nough," sez I, and then we set down on the bed ter think what we'd better do. "Do ye s'pose they'd do such a thing?" I sez. "There ain't no tellin' what anybody'll do," sez she; "it's awful risky, any way." There didn't seem to be nothin' we could do, so we sed 'twasn't no use settin' up.

"We kin call to Mr. Baker if anything should happ'n," sez I, but still we tho't 'twas best ter leave the light burnin', so 'twould be ready in case we should want it sudd'n. The bed wasn't very comfert'ble, and it took a good deal o' shiftin' and turnin' ter find an easy place, and then, jest as we'd got settl'd down, there was a bell begun ringin' sumwhere as if

sumthin' had broke loose. "Goodness me, what's that fur?" sez I, startin' up agin. "Must be there's a fire, and we'll all be burnt up!" and I popped out o' bed ter go and git my black silk dress, fur I didn't want that burnt up arter all I'd spent on it. Mr. Baker heerd me and sez he, "That ain't fur fire. It's nothin' but the night bells ter tell ev'rybody ter go ter bed." "Wal, I never!" sez I, "I wonder if they s'pose there don't nobody know 'nough ter go ter bed 'thout bein' told. I must say it's a queer way ter tell 'em, ter ring a bell so hard 'twould scar 'em all out if they was there already;" and so we crawled back agin, fur Mandy hed got up too, when I did. In a few minits Mrs Baker's baby begun ter cry, and it did beat all how that young un did yell! It took 'em both gittin' up an' down fur a good haf hour fur parygorick and things 'fore he got quiet, and then he only stopped 'cause he was wore out. By that time I'd got waked up so there wasn't no sech thing as goin' ter sleep. When it had got still agin I lay there thinkin' 'bout things, and it kept comin' ter me how lonesum the Deacon must be there ter home, with nobody ter speak ter, or git his meals fur him; and the more I tho't 'bout it the more I tho't mebbe I hedn't done jest right in comin' off and leavin' him so.

The Deacon has his failin's, as I've r'marked 'fore; but, takin' him all tergether, I reckon he's as good as men'll av'rig, and I don't s'pose any man'd like it much ter be left in that way.

My conshunce got ter prickin' me pritty hard, and I made up my mind I wouldn't stay any longer'n I could help if I could git 'way from Mandy. Arter that I felt better, and fin'lly made out ter git ter sleep. I was jest dreamin' that the Deacon hed bin took with a crik in his back and couldn't stir hand or foot, when I was woke up by the most unairthly noise I ever heerd in all my life. It wasn't what could be called a groan, but 'twas sumthin' kin ter it, and I lay there quakin' in ev'ry jint, thinkin' the jedgment day hed come sure. I didn't speak ter Mandy, fur my heart was thumpin' so I couldn't make a sound ter save me. Pritty soon I heerd it agin, and then I knew for sartin 'twas Gabril's horn, fur 'twas clear ter me that nothin' else could ever made sech a noise as that. I didn't wait ter hear it agin, but got out o' bed and onter my knees quicker'n I ever did anything 'fore, and sez I, "Oh, Lord, I'm an awful sinner and I ain't fit ter live, but I ain't ready to go ter the jedgment neither, and if you'll let me stay here a spell longer I'll turn over a new leaf and stop scoldin' the Deacon, sure's my name

is Nancy Hartshorn." Then come that awful noise agin! By that time Mandy was settin' up in bed, her teeth chatterin' as if she hed the ager. "Oh, Mis Hartshorn!" sez she, "sumbody's bein' killed! What shall we do?"

'Fore I could say anything we heerd Mrs. Baker say, "Mr. Baker! Mr. Baker!" "What d'ye want?" sez he. "Ye mustn't snore so," sez she. "I ain't bin snorin'," sez he. "Yis ye hev," she sez, "and I gess ye've woke up Mis Hartshorn and Mandy." "'Tain't no sech thing," he sez. "Likely ye snored yerself and tho't 'twas me." She let him hev it his way and didn't argy the pint with him, but if I'd bin in her place I wouldn't a giv' up so if I'd talked till mornin'. I was so mad at that consarned critter I could a choked him! Ter think o' what a time we'd hed, an' all on his 'count. I was tremblin' so yit I could hardly git back ter bed, but when I did I jest r'lieved my mind 'bout him ter Mandy, pritty plain. "I don't s'pose he's ter blame," sez she. "O' course he's ter blame," sez I. "What bisness has he got ter come here if he can't sleep peace'ble 'thou't 'sturbin' the hull naberhood? One thing's sartin, if I could git hold o' that nose o' his 'twouldn't ever be wuth much fur snorin' agin." Wal, by that time 'twas most mornin'. I didn't 'xpect ter sleep any more arter gittin' wro't

up so, but 'bout four o'clock I dropped off agin. It seemed ter me I hedn't bin sleepin' but a few minits 'fore them bells went ter ringin', but I was bound I wouldn't be scairt out o' bed this time fur nothin' or nobody. "What's them bells ringin' fur now?" I called out ter Mr. Baker. "That's ter wake folks up," sez he. "How long does it take?" I axed. "Oh, not very long," he sez. So I lay still, thinkin' I'd be even with 'em that time and take anuther nap when they stopped; but soon's they'd got throu' sum boys begun hollerin' "mornin' papers, mornin' papers," and fur awhile ye'd a tho't a hul menageery hed broke loose. "Distracskshun take it! What's the matter now?" sez I. Mr. Baker begun ter laff, but I was so vexed I didn't feel much like laffin'. "That's the newsboys," sez he; "they start out at six o'clock sellin' the 'Sembly Her'ld." "I'd like ter know if they s'pose anybody wants ter read ther 'Sembly Her'ld 'fore they git up. I'm goin' ter hev sum more sleep if it takes me till noon ter git it." "Well," sez Mandy, "I've got ter git up, fur I told Marier I'd go ter the airly lecter with her, but I don't feel a bit like goin'." So she got up and went ter bustlin' 'round, and I lay there wonderin' whether I told the Deacon how ter fry sum taters if he should want any, and wishin' I

was there ter do it fur him. Pritty soon Mr. Baker called out, "I'm goin' arter sum milk, and if ye want any ye'd better go 'long with me." "I gess you'd better go," sez Mandy, "and I'll be gittin' breakfust." I finally concluded that I'd git up.

CHAPTER V.

GOING TO THE "STORE."

I'm 'feerd I didn't do it in a very Christian spirit, fur I felt as tho' I hedn't bin used very well, takin' it all tergether. I didn't hurry myself, fur I tho't I'd jest lives bother him sum as not. I heerd him sputterin' ter Mis Baker 'bout "a woman everlastin'ly keepin' a man waitin'," and I wanted ter tell him if a woman didn't make as much noise as a man did in gittin' throu' the wurld they gin'rally manige ter git consider'ble done. "Where be ye goin' ter git milk?" sez I, when we got started. "I shouldn't s'pose anybody'd keep a cow here." "There don't, as I know of," sez he, "but there's a man pritty near here that keeps three hunderd." "I don't b'lieve a word of it," sez I. "Why not?" sez he. "'Cause he'd never git time ter do the milkin' in the wurld," sez I. "'Tain't likely one man does it all," sez he; "but it takes the milk from all them cows ter keep this thing runnin'. That's where they keep it,"—as we come ter the place where they was sellin' it out. There was lots o' folks there with pails and pitchers ter git sum, and

sum of 'em looked as tho' they'd dressed in sech a hurry they didn't hev time ter finish. "That's the meat-market," he sez, pintin' ter the next buildin', "and over there's the groc'ry and the bak'ry." "Ye don't mean ter say they've got a groc'ry store here!" "Of course they hev," sez he, "and a good one too. There ain't nothin' in the way o' provishuns that ye can't git there, or ter the bak'ry.

"Wal, I declare," sez I, "if I'd a knowed I could git 'em here, I never sh'd a fussed ter bring sech a sight o' stuff. I kal'late anybody'll hev ter pay consid'able fur 'em, tho'." "Wal," sez he, "I reckon they'll make out ter git a livin' at it." We didn't hev ter buy nothin' but the milk so we didn't go no further. "D'ye s'pose ye kin find the way 'lone next time?" sez Mr. Baker, when we got back. "Of course I kin," sez I; "if ye think I don't know 'nough ter go as fur as that 'lone, yer mistak'n." Mandy'd got the breakfust all ready, and when we'd eat I told her she'd better go 'long ter the lecter and I'd do up the dishes. Arter I'd got 'em done I tho't I'd go in and talk with Mis Baker a bit, but the baby was screamin' so there wasn't no comfert in stayin'. "I don't know what's the matter with him," sez she; "he cries all the time and I can't git a chance ter do noth-

in' but hold him." "Where's Mr. Baker?" sez I; "why don't ye make him take keer o' him till ye git the work done up?" "Oh, he wanted ter go ter the lecter," sez she. "Jest so! I'm thinkin' it's a good thing *you* didn't want ter go, seein' sumbody'd got ter stay ter home." "I don't 'xpect ter go ter many o' the lecters," sez she, "but I'm glad Mr. Baker kin go, fur he 'njoys 'em so. He sez there's a great deal ter be learnt from 'em." "I gess there's sum things he might learn 'thout goin' ter a lecter," sez I. "Sum men think it's 'nough fur 'em ter know ev'rything, and 'tain't no matter whether ther wives ever hev a chance or not. If I'd been Paul's wife he'd never heerd the last of it fur 'ritin' all that stuff 'bout if a woman wanted ter know anything she must ask her husband ter home. It's jest raised the mischief with the men ever sense, an' most of 'em nowadays'd die holdin' what they know 'fore they'd tell ther wives anything!" And with that I marched off, leavin' her lookin' as tho' she tho't I was an awful wicked woman; but I couldn't help speakin' so, fur if there's anything that riles me it's ter see a woman lettin' herself be 'mposed 'pon by sum big selfish skeesicks of a man, and takin' it all as meek as Moses. I alers feel like 'xpressin' my 'pinyun when I see it, I don't keer who 'tis. I didn't know jest what

ter do with myself while I was waitin' fur Mandy ter come back, till it fin'lly struck me 'twas 'bout time I was gittin' 'quainted with sum o' my nabers, seein' I was goin' ter stay there awhile. There was a tent standin' close by, and I'd seen a woman goin' in and out that I tho't looked kinder sober, and I sed ter myself like as not she was home-sick and I'd better go in and cheer her up a bit; so I walked 'long an' went in 'thout knockin' so's ter look more naberly. She hedn't quite got her work done yit, and looked up ruther s'prised ter see me.

"Good mornin'," sez I; "I tho't I'd run in and git 'quainted, seein' we was likely ter be nabers fur a spell." She bowed, an' sez, "Won't ye take a seat?" "Don't keer if I do, thank ye," sez I. "Bin here long?" "'Bout a week," sez she. "Ter be sure," sez I. "Where be ye from?" "We come from Ohio," she sez. "Ye don't say so! Any partic'lar place in Ohio?" I axed. "From Akrun," sez she. "Never heerd of it," sez I, "but I'm jest as glad ter see ye fur all that. How many of ye is there?" "Eight of us in all." "Of all things!" I sez. "Got 'nough ter eat? 'Cause if ye ain't we bro't 'long a lot o' pork an' taters an' ginger cakes an' sech things, and ye kin hev sum jest as well as not." "Thank ye, we hev plenty ter eat," sez she.

I tho't she didn't act very sosh'ble, and it looked as tho' I'd hev ter do most the talkin'. I didn't know what ter say next, but I see I'd got ter say sumthin' so I sez, "Bin ter any o' the meetin's?" "Yes, nearly all of them," sez she. "How d'ye like 'em?" "Very well," she sez.

"Is yer husband a preacher?" then I axed. "No, he is not," sez she. "Ever goin' ter be?" I sez agin. "No, I don't think he ever 'xpects ter be a preacher," sez she. "What I axed fur," sez I, "was 'cause ye come so fur I tho't mebbe he was tryin' ter pick up sumthin' ter preach 'bout. I hear 'em say the lecters is wonderful 'mprovin' ter them that kin understand 'em." She didn't say nothin' ter that, and then I sez, "Be ye goin' ter stay till it's out?" "I think we shall," sez she, and then she waited fur me ter ax sumthin' more, but I didn't, 'cause I couldn't think o' nothin' more ter ax. I tho't I'd done my part towards gittin' 'quainted, and if she didn't feel like bein' naberly I wasn't to blame.

I waited a spell, but she didn't git off her stilts any, so I sed I gessed I'd better be goin', an' biddin' her "Good mornin'" agin I took myself off. Now I s'pose she tho't 'twas proper fur her ter put on airs sum jest 'cause she come from Ohio, but I could a told her there was sum pritty smart folks that wasn't

born or raised there. I never did hev much of an 'pinyun o' Ohio, any way. Ye can't say it's East, or West, or North, or South, an' it don't seem ter b'long nowhere. I s'pose there's lots o' folks wouldn't ever knowed there was sech a place if they hedn't gone and trotted out Guv'nur Hays fur pres'dunt; an' jest 'cause he was 'lected, they seem ter think they've got ter furnish all the pres'dunts. I tho't I shouldn't trouble myself to call on anybody else that mornin', so I set down ter watch the folks that was passin', and I found 'twas rale entertainin' ter see how diffrunt folks do act. Some of 'em walked 'long slow, turnin' and lookin' every which way, as if they was there ter see everything there was ter see, and was 'feerd they'd miss sumthing; and then sum went 'long lookin' down on the ground, like as if they didn't keer fur nothin' or nobody in the wurld 'xcept what they was thinkin' 'bout—but I notised they was mostly men that did that. Wimmin don't often git so carried 'way with what's in ther heads that they can't see nothin' that's goin' on 'round 'em. I s'pose sum folks would say 'twas 'cause there wasn't 'nough in 'em ter carry 'em very fur, but that don't foller. More likely it's 'cause ther heads kin hold more 'thout bein' full than most men's. I couldn't think where ev'rybody come from, or what they was there

fur, but I see they all 'peared ter be injoyin' 'emselves fust-rate, jedgin' from ther looks. I was so took up seein' 'em, that I sh'd furgot all 'bout goin' ter the meetin' if Mandy an' Marier hedn't come back fur me. I tho't there wouldn't be many there, fur it seemed as tho' ev'rybody was walkin' 'round; but when we got ter the ampletheater 'twas most full, and we hed a good deal o' trouble in findin' seats. There was sum kind of a meetin' goin' on, but I couldn't make out what 'twas. When I axed Marier she sez, "It's sum meetin' of the C. L. S. C.'s, I gess; they hev sumthin' goin' on all the time." "I'd like ter know who the C. L. S. C.'s be, anyway," I sez; but jest then she sez ter Mandy, "Oh, my! I promised Charley I'd come down ter the landin' this mornin', an' if I don't he'll be awful disappinted. Won't you go with me? It's a sight nicer'n 'tis ter stay here an' hear a dry old lecter." I see Mandy wanted ter go, but she looked at me as if she didn't know what ter do. "Hed ye jest lives I'd go?" sez she. "Ye kin go if ye want ter," sez I, ruther short, fur I didn't think it was very perlite in 'em not ter ax me ter go. "Well," sez she, "I gess I'll go. We'll be back by the time the lecter's out an' wait fur ye outside;" and so off they went.

I'd heerd Marier tell so much 'bout the

lecters bein' so nice that I tho't she must a bin drefful 'feerd o' disappintin' that air Charley (whoever he was), ter go an' leave one of 'em. I was rale put out at 'em fur leavin' me in that way. There wasn't anybody near me that I'd ever seen 'fore, an' I felt like a cat in a strange garrit. I tho't mebbe I'd better go back ter the tent, fur I'd feel more ter home there; an' then I made up my mind I'd stay, an' p'haps I'd hear sumthin' 'bout them C.L.S.C.'s, fur I was gittin' mighty curus ter find out who they was. 'Twas lucky I did, fur jest then I heerd two men talkin' that was settin' behind me, an' one of 'em sez, "That C.L.S.C. is gittin' ter be a big thing, isn't it?" "I don't know much 'bout it," sez the other; "what is it, anyhow?" "Wal, I don't know much 'bout it myself," sez the furst one, "only it's sumthin' Docter Vinson's got up. I heerd 'em tellin' there was nineteen thousun of 'em a'ready." "My grashus!" sez the other one, "be they all here?" "I gess not," sez he; "but most of 'em is, an' 'cordin' ter 'counts they hev a pritty hard time of it. I hear they ain't 'lowed ter eat but one meal a day, or to sleep only jest so many hour, an' they hev ter carry a book with 'em everywhere they go, so's ter be studyin' all the time. Ye kin tell one of 'em as fur as ye kin see 'em, fur they're a drefful poor, haf-starved lookin' set. I gess they ain't 'lowed ter laff,

either, fur I don't s'pose ye could git one of 'em to if they was ter be paid fur it." "Is it a secrit sosiety?" sez the other man. "I gess 'tis." "Do they take in wimmin?" he axed. "Oh, yis," sez the other; "I kal'late there's more wimmin than men in it." "Then it can't be a secrit sosiety," sez he. "That's so," sez the furst one, "I didn't think o' that. Wal, I don't know what 'tis, but if it keeps on growin' there ain't no tellin' where it'll stop." It was time fur the lecter ter begin then, so they stopped talkin'; but I was in sech a state o' mind I didn't keer fur no lecter—all I could think of was them poor C. L. S. C.'s. I tho't 'twas shameful ter treat 'em so, and in thinkin' 'bout it I got ter feelin' so hard at Docter Vinson that when he come out in front I didn't want ter lis'en ter him. Ter think I'd took sech a likin' ter him, an' now he'd turned out ter be sech a man! I tho't he didn't look ter be so hard-hearted, but then looks is dreffful deceivin', an' I alers was sort o' distrustful o' them meek-lookin' men. There's no tellin' what they'll do. I was so 'feerd he'd git hold o' me an' make me jine 'em I didn't know what ter do, an' I couldn't help wishin' I'd stayed ter home, as I'd orter, instid o' goin' off on a wild-goose chase the way I hed. If it hedn't bin fur Mandy I sh'd a wanted ter start back on the furst boat; but I knowed

it wouldn't do, so I sed ter myself I'd keep watch, an' if I see him comin' 'round me I'd jest make tracks fur home.

Then I went ter contrivin' how I could manige ter giv sum o' them C. L. S. C.'s a good square meal unbeknownst ter him. I never could stand it ter see anybody suff'rin' fur the want o' food, and I tho't 'twas rale Providenshul that we'd bro't 'long so much, so's I could foller the Scripter command ter feed the hungry.

While I was thinkin' 'bout it I notised 'twas wonderful still all of a sudd'n, an' when I looked down ter the pulpit ter see what 'twas fur there stood some black folks all drest up as fine as anybody, lookin' as if they wasn't a bit 'feerd o' sech a sight o' folks as there was there. "Goodness me! who be them?" sez I ter a woman that was settin' next ter me. "That's the Jubylee singers," sez she; "didn't you ever hear of 'em?" "Can't say as I ever did," sez I. Then they begun ter sing, an' I must say I never heerd sech singin'. Seemed as tho' they only hed ter open ther mouths and out it come. 'Twas jest like a big orgin, only ye could hear ev'ry word as plain as if they was talkin'. I couldn't bear ter hev 'em stop, and when they did ev'rybody begun to cheer 'em, an' kept at it till they hed ter come back and sing sum

more, and then they wasn't satisfied. I was so carried 'way with it that I tho't I'd be willin' ter be born black if I could sing like they did. "Do them singers sing ter all the meetin's?" sez I ter the woman I spoke ter 'fore. "Not all of 'em," sez she, "'twould keep 'em singin' all the time if they did." "Do ye s'pose they're C. L. S. C.'s?" I axed. "I gess not," sez she. "Why?" "'Cause I shouldn't think they'd feel like singin' if they was," sez I. She laffed, but the lecter hed begun then, so she didn't say any more. I didn't pay 'nough 'tenshun ter it ter know what 'twas 'bout, fer my head was too full ter hold any more. When 'twas out, I found Mandy an' Marier waitin' fur me, and they was wonderful glib with what a fine time they'd hed. "Wal," sez I, "it's my 'pinyun ye'd better staid ter the lecter instid o' galvantin' off in that way. I wouldn't a missed it fur a good deal, fur I've learnt sum things I didn't know 'fore." That wasn't nuthin' but the truth, but I wouldn't tell 'em what 'twas I'd larnt, arter they'd acted so. "Wal," sez Marier, "I'm goin' ter hear that Ram Shunder Bozy this arternoon, if it's the last thing I ever do." "Goin' ter hear who?" sez I, stoppin' short ter look at her. "Ram Shunder sumthin'," she sez, laffin'. "I can't pernounce his name, but he's splendid. Didn't you hear it giv'

out this mornin'?" "No," sez I, "I didn't hear no sech outlandish name as that. Who is he?" "Oh, he's sumbody that's come here from sum place—I gess it's Afriky—ter see what's bein' done here." "Ye don't mean ter say he's come all the way from Afriky ter come ter Chetauquy?" sez I. "I s'pose so," she sez. "Is he one o' them C. L. S. C.'s?" sez I. "I don't know, but I shouldn't wonder if he was," sez she.

"Poor critter!" sez I.

"What fur?" she axed. I hedn't meant ter tell her what I'd heerd, but it popped out 'fore I tho't, so I told what the men hed sed. She laffed as if 'twas dreffful funny, but I didn't see nothin' ter laff at, an' I sed so. "It's a pritty good joke on 'em," sez she, "but I gess 'tain't quite so bad as that. Them I've seen don't 'pear ter be starvin'." "Wal," sez I, "I reckon them men knowed more'n you do 'bout it, and I b'lieve what they sed." "You kin b'lieve what you're a mind ter, it won't hurt anybody," sez she. I didn't call it very r'spectful fur her ter speak so, consid'rin' I was older'n she was, but she felt a good deal set up 'cause she'd bin there 'fore, an' I s'pose she tho't she knew ev'rything there was ter know. I didn't change my mind, fur I sed ter myself 'twasn't very likely anybody'd say things like that if 'twasn't so, an' I'd giv' 'em

sumthin' to eat jest the same when I hed a chance. There was goin' ter be sev'ril meetin's that arternoon, but we sed we'd ruther go an' hear that Ram Shunder what's-his-name 'n anybody else. (I gess names was skeerce when he was born, and they hed ter make one 'speshelly fur him, fur I don't 'xpect anybody ever heerd anything like it 'fore.)

CHAPTER VI.

RAM SHUNDER BOZY'S LECTURE.

THERE was a place there they called the Hall o' Filosofy, and Marier sed the lecter was ter be there, 'cause he was ter tell 'em sumthin' 'bout filosofy. I didn't know much what that was, but I tho't mebbe I'd find out if I went. When we got there 'twas so full we couldn't find seats. 'Twas plain they couldn't near all git in, so Docter Vinson told 'em it would hev ter be held in the orditorum I think he called it, 'cause there was more room there. Then he told 'em they'd better form a percesshun an' march down ter it quiet an' orderly like, an' he an' Ram—that other man—would lead off. 'Twas a good thing he told 'em how ter go, fur they didn't wait till he'd got throu' 'fore they started, and of all the runnin' an' scamperin' anybody ever did see that beat it! There was sech a crowd, an' they was all pushin' an' hurryin' so, that 'twasn't a minit 'fore I lost Mandy an' Marier, but I went 'long with the rest of 'em, fur I see there wasn't no other way ter do. If I hedn't bin in sech a hurry myself I sh'd a stopped an' laffed ter see 'em. Sum of 'em cut 'cross lots,

jumpin' over logs and ev'rything else that was in the way, and them that hed ther camp cheers jest tucked 'em under ther arms an' run as fast as anybody. I couldn't think o' nothin' but a flock o' sheep jumpin' over a stun wall; then, ter put on the finishin' touch, when they'd all got there an' got set down 'long come Docter Vinson and—that air man, walkin' as slow an' sollum as if they s'posed they was leadin' all that crowd!

Ev'rybody felt like laffin', an' so they did; but I ain't any idee them two men knowed what they was laffin' at. I'd bin so ankshus ter git a seat that I took the furst one I come ter an' set down next ter a woman that was all drest up fit ter kill, with lots o' nice things on. When I set down by her she pulled 'way her dress as if she tho't I'd spile it, an' then she sez ter the woman that was with her, "I never was in sech a place 'fore in my life! I've bin pushed an' run aginst till there ain't nothin' left o' me. I sh'd think these folks is all from the country, jedgin' from ther manners. I'm sure *I* shouldn't hev ever come here if I'd knowed what a place 'twas." She 'peared ter be awful mortyfyed at bein' mixed up with sech an' actin' set, an' I felt rale sorry for her, fur anybody could see she'd bin ust ter bein' treated more r'spectful. I wanted ter say sumthin' simpathizin' ter her,

but I didn't know jest how ter do it so she wouldn't think I was from the country an' didn't know what manners was. Pritty soon I nudged her, an' sez I,

"Be you a Methodis'?"

She looked at me as if she tho't I wasn't fit ter speak ter, an' then she sez, "No, I am not. I b'long ter the 'Piscopal church."

"Dear me!" sez I, "then I don't 'xpect this is any place fur ye. These Methodis' beat all creashun fur pushin'. They're alers pushin' sumthin', and they don't never pay no 'tenshun ter nice clothes and dimonds an' sech things. It's my 'pinyun ye'd better git home as quick as ye kin, or ye won't hev any good clothes left." Sumhow I tho't she didn't seem ter like what I sed from the look she giv' me, an' bimeby they got up and went off, an' I shouldn't wonder if she went home on the next boat, fur I didn't see her any more. Mebbe she'd felt better if she'd staid, fur Mr. Boze (the man that was ter lecter) hed on a white gown jest like a 'Piscopal parson, an' if it hedn't bin that he was black I should a tho't he *was* one by the condesendin' way he hed; but then I don't 'xpect there's any 'Piscopals where he come from. I was rale disappinted in his lecter, fur I tho't he was goin' ter tell sumthin' 'bout what they did an' how they maniged ter git 'long where he

lived, but he went off talkin' 'bout sumthin' I couldn't understand, an' I gess nobody else did. I believe he called it Hinder filosofy, and I tried ter git the drift o' what 'twas, but I couldn't make nothin' out of it, and I tho't if that was the way they preached there I didn't wonder they was all heath'n.

I heerd a man that was settin' near me say he was well edicated, but it struck me 'twas 'bout as bad ter be so much edicated as ter git out o' sight o' ev'rybody else as 'twas not ter be edicated at all. Mebbe there was them that could foller him, but I'm free ter say *I* couldn't, an' so I giv' up tryin' ter. I tho't he'd never git ter the end, an' when he did 'twasn't 'cause he'd got throu', only there wasn't time ter say it all, an' I was glad there wasn't. When he stopped an' hed set down Docter Vinson sed sumthin' I didn't hear, an' as quick as lightnin' ev'rybody hed out ther handkerchers wavin' at him. I didn't know what 'twas fur, but I got mine an' shook it as hard as any of 'em, so's ter make it look as if I did. I found out arterwards 'twas ther way o' payin' ther 'spects ter anybody that was more'n common, instid o' hoorain' fur 'em, an' they called it the Chetauquy saloot, so nobody could do so only when they was ter Chetauquy. When he'd thanked 'em fur bein' so kind ter him, an' sed "Good-by" (fur

he wasn't goin' ter be there any more), they let out the meetin'. I tho't likely Mandy an' Marier'd be lookin' fur me, an' I'd walk 'round a spell ter get rested arter settin' still so long, an' mebbe I'd run 'cross 'em. I didn't know where ter go at furst, but fin'lly I set out fur the p'rade ground, as Mr. Baker called it, seein' 'twas close by.

When I got there I declare I tho't there was a good many there huntin' fur sumbody that looked sumwhat like me from the way they acted, fur I never took sech a starin' at in my life. It made me feel rale oncomfort'ble fur awhile, fur I tho't must be there was sumthin' pecoolyer 'bout my looks ter 'tract so much 'tenshun; but 'twasn't long 'fore I see they sarved ev'rybody else jest so, an' I'd hev ter put up with it whether I liked it or not. If it hed bin anywhere else I sh'd a sed 'twasn't very good manners, but I was beginnin' ter think anybody could do 'bout as pleased 'em there 'thout makin' any 'polygies, an' 'twasn't 'xpected anybody was goin' ter take 'cepshuns. Wal, I couldn't see anybody I knowed there, an' it made one feel drefful lonesum. I wanted ter git 'way sumwhere where there wasn't so many folks, so I started ter walk 'long by the lake, thinkin' I'd find sum out o' the way place where I could set down all by myself an' think. I

hedn't gone fur 'fore I come ter the queerist lookin' place, I do b'lieve, that ever was. I don't like ter try tell 'bout it, fur I ain't never seen anything that was anyways like it, an' I don't 'xpect I'll make out very well. It took me a good while ter make up my mind what 'twas, but I fin'lly took it to be the childern's playground, fur there was lots o' what looked like little mud-houses, and little ponds that I tho't was fur 'em ter sail boats in, an' nice shells an' things fur 'em ter play with (an' there was a railin' built 'round it all so they needn't git lost). At furst I didn't know but 'twas where Dr. Vinson kept the C. L. S. C.'s, fur I see sum of 'em settin' on the ground (leastways I s'posed they was C. L. S. C.'s, fur they hed ther books 'long an' was readin'), but from what I'd heerd 'bout ther bein' so many of 'em I knowed 'twasn't big 'nough ter hold 'em all, an' 'sides it didn't look rea-s'nble ter s'pose they'd feel much like playin', even if they'd bin 'lowed ter, so I giv' up that idee, an' I sed 'twas likely he'd gone an' hed a place fixed up fur the childern ter play in while ther folks went ter the meetin's, an' fur all I'd got so set aginst him, I hed ter 'low 'twas a good deal ter his credit ter be so thoughtful of 'em. While I stood lookin' at it I notised a man walkin' 'round there who 'peared ter be wonderful curus 'bout it. He'd

go from one o' them mud houses ter anuther, an' stand an' look at 'em as sober as if he was lookin' inter a grave. I tho't mebbe he felt bad 'cause he couldn't be a boy agin, sense childern hed come ter be o' sum 'count. When he come 'long to'ards where I was I felt as tho' I wanted ter say sumthin' ter him, so I sez, "They didn't pay so much 'tenshun ter childern when you an' I was young." "Mam?" sez he, lookin' at me sort o' strange. Thinkin' he might be hard o' hearin' I spoke louder an' sez, "I say they didn't think 'nough o' childern when you an' I was young ter spend so much time in fixin' up a place fur 'em ter play in."

"Madum," sez he, as grave as a preacher, "this is not a playground, it's the holy land."

"The what?" sez I, backin' off a leetle, fur I tho't sartin he'd lost his senses, and was wanderin' in his mind.

"The holy land," sez he; "that part o' the wurld where Christ lived."

"Of all things!" sez I, an' I wasn't sure then whether he was crazy or pokin' fun at me; but I wouldn't let him think I didn't b'lieve him, so I sez, "How on airth did it come here?" "I didn't mean 'twas the holy land itself," sez he, "it's only intended as a representashun of it." "I can't see nothin' that looks like a holy land," sez I, "an' I sort o'

reckon yer one o' them fellers I've heer'n tell of that gits so much larnin' it makes 'em crazy. I s'pose ye've bin readin' so much 'bout it that ye've kinder got an' idee in yer hed that it looks jest like this ere place, so ye ain't so much ter blame; but ye shouldn't orter try ter make other folks think so."

"Yer mistak'n," sez he, smilin', "I'm not at all crazy, an' I'm not tellin' ye any ontruths 'bout it. Ye see they wanted ter giv' folks sum idee o' how it looked, and how the diff-runt places was sitovated, so they hed a man that hed bin there and seen it all come here an' fix up this bit o' ground ter look as much like it as he could; so there ain't no doubt but what it's a good picter of it. There is the river Jord'n," sez he, "where Christ was babtized," pintin' ter a leetle crik 'bout a foot wide, "an' there is the city o' Jerus'lum," pintin' agin ter what I'd called a mud house. "Anybody kin git a pritty good idee o' the city by studyin' that." "Then I shan't study it much, fur if it looked like that I don't wont ter know nothin' more 'bout it," sez I; "an' as fur that bein' the river Jord'n, if it wasn't no bigger'n that I want ter know how they ever maniged ter babtize sech a sight o' folks there," an' then I notised what I hedn't seen 'fore, that there was little boards set up 'round with the names o' places we read

'bout in Scripter printed on 'em, an' that made me think what he was tellin' was so. I hedn't b'lieved nothin' of it till then, but there wasn't no sech thing as disb'lievin' it when there was Nazaruth and Canun and all the land o' Judee right 'fore me, and I hed ter giv' in that there wasn't no mistake 'bout it.

Somehow I couldn't git it inter my head that 'twas anyways like it, an' I wonder'd if them that ust ter live there would know what 'twas meant fur if they could see it. Bime by I sez, "Wal, I'm 'mazin' thankful I didn't live in them days if folks hed ter live in sech cramped up places as them air." "O' course this ain't nothin' ter it in size," sez he; "they hed ter make it a good deal smaller, 'cause there wasn't room; but anybody can tell sumthin' 'bout it, an' it makes it easier ter study 'bout it—hevin' this ter look at." "Sure 'nough," sez I; "I never should a thought o' that. I s'pose that's the new fashuned way of teachin' 'bout things, an' I gess likely it's as good as any. I shouldn't be s'prised if the next thing they'd git up a repersentashun o' Heav'n here, only I kal'late 'twould hev ter be mostly gess work, fur I don't 'xpect they could git anybody that's bin there ter come back an' tell 'em 'bout it."

He looked at me rale r'provin', but I couldn't see as I'd sed anything very bad. I gess he

thought he wouldn't waste any more breath on sech a heathun, fur he turned an' went off an' set down by the river Jord'n ter medytate. Mebbe he was x'pectin' ter see John the Babtist come up out o' the water, an' I tho't 'twouldn't a bin no more'n proper if they'd hed sumbody dressed up in furskin with a leather gurdle on ter repersent him. 'Peared as tho' they'd got everything there *but* the folks, an' feelin' as I did then I don't know as I should tho't strange of it if I'd seen 'em comin' up out o' the ground an' go walkin' 'round there. I didn't feel like stayin' there much longer, fur there wasn't no comfort in thinkin' that sum o' them fellers that hed bin dead eighteen hunderd year might pop up any minit. I don't doubt but what they was sum of 'em rale nice folks, and under sum sarcumstances I sh'd a liked ter git 'quainted with 'em; but as 'twas, I wasn't pertic'lar ankshus 'bout it, so I shook the dust off my feet, 'cordin' ter Scripter, by walkin' off as fast as ever I could. I was willin' anybody else sh'd git all the satisfackshun they could a lookin' at it, but I tho't I'd be keerful 'bout gittin' inter that spooky place agin. I hedn't gone fur 'fore I come 'cross Mandy an' Marier. They pertended they'd bin all 'round lookin' fur me, but I didn't b'lieve much of it, fur I tho't they could a found me if they'd wanted ter

very bad. I sed I'd bin walkin' 'round, but I didn't tell 'em where, 'cause I knowed they'd go ter axin' questyuns, an' I'd bin so sort o' shocked that I wasn't feelin' like talkin' 'bout it. Marier wanted ter go up by the big hotell where the band was playin', but I was tired an' ruther out o' sorts, an' I told her I wanted ter git back ter our tent, where things wasn't so 'xcitin', so I could hev a leetle quiet. Ter tell the truth 'bout it, I hedn't injoyed the arternoon very well, an' if anybody'd axed me jest then how I liked Chetauquy I sh'd a told 'em 'twasn't what 'twas cracked up ter be, ter my thinkin'; but I got ter feelin' better arter awhile, fur we went a diffrunt way from what I'd bin 'fore, an' I see sum sech comfert'ble lookin' places ter live in that it made me 'most want ter settle there. It was su'prisin' ter see how much pains sum of 'em hed bin ter, ter fix things up so's ter make it look nice an' invitin' ter strangers. I tho't 'twas sing'ler there should be so many school-houses there (I called 'em school-houses, but Marier'd call 'em a hall, or a temple, or sum other big name, an' sed they was where folks could go an' larn things; but seein' that's what a school-house is fur I can't see no sense in callin' 'em anything else). 'Peared ter me I never see sech a place fur teachin' things as 'twas. Any-

body'd s'pose they tho't the folks that come there didn't know nothin', but if they didn't larn sumthin' 'fore they went 'way 'twas plain there'd be nobody ter blame but 'emselves. But they hed a 'mazin' queer way o' teachin' it.

When we was goin' past one sch—buildin' we heerd sumbody yellin' an' groanin' as if they was bein' 'most killed. It didn't take me long ter make up my mind what sort o' place 'twas, fur 'twas jest sech a noise as the Deacon alers makes when he has a tooth pulled. "I declare!" sez I, "I never sh'd a tho't o' findin' a dentis' shop here." "That ain't a dentis' shop," sez Marier, laffin' fit ter kill herself. "What is it, then, I'd like ter know," sez I. "Wy, it's where they teach the Sole fa," sez she. "The what?" sez I. "Oh, sumthin' 'bout singin'," sez she; "I don't know what 'tis." "Wal, I never!" sez I; "if they call that singin' I'd like ter teach 'em what singin' is." I was fur goin' in ter see what they was doin', but she sed mebbe they didn't want anybody lis'nin' ter 'em, an' I tho't myself if I sh'd make sech a noise as that an' call it singin' I sh'd be 'shamed of it an' wouldn't want nobody ter hear it; so we didn't go in, but I've bin sorry sence that I didn't. I tho't I shouldn't stir out agin that evenin' when we got ter our tent, but Mandy

an' Marier didn't seem ter be noways tired, an' was ready ter go agin soon's they'd eat ther supper, so I told 'em they could go 'thout me an' I'd lay down an' rest a bit; but, dear me! there wasn't no sech thing as restin', fur there was so much trampin' back an' forth, an' laffin', an' talkin', that 'fore I knew it I was up a peekin' out ter see what was goin' on. 'Twasn't fur ter where the ampletheter was, an' I could hear Docter whoever he was blowin' his trumpit as if he 'xpected ter make ev'rybody hear him that was on the grounds. I don't know what his name was, but I notised they was mostly all docters, so I shouldn't wonder if he was one. Sumhow it didn't strike me as bein' jest right ter let them docters do all the talkin' an' make preachers of the gospil keep still. I don't dout they know consider'ble 'bout sum things, but it's my 'pinyun there's lots o' preachers could tell 'em sum things they never dreamt of, fur all ther quackin'; but I must 'low sum of 'em talked 'nough like preachers ter be took fur 'em. Wal, as I was sayin', this one was tellin' what he knew 'bout matters, an' I tho't must be it was pritty import'nt fur him ter make sech a noise 'bout it, an' I might as well go an' hear what he hed ter say; so I stepped out an' walked 'long that way. There was so many walkin' 'round I didn't look fur

ter find many there, but when I come ter the ampletheter I found 'twas full as it could be, an' there was ever so many standin' on the outside that couldn't git seats. They kep talkin' an' movin' 'bout so I couldn't only ketch a word wunce'n awhile, an' that wasn't 'nough ter tell me what he was talkin' 'bout. Likely if I could a heerd the beginnin' or the end I sh'd a found out, but jumpin' right inter the middle of it, so ter speak, I couldn't git hold of anything. As 'twas, there wasn't no use in stayin', an' so pritty soon I started ter go back. On my way I met sev'ril of them sickly young wimmin I menshuned, with ther brothers—or the fellers that hed ter go 'long ter take keer of 'em—walkin' as slow as if they didn't feel able ter walk at all, an' I tho't 'twas rale perzumpshus fur 'em ter be out in the evenin' air. Ter be sure, I couldn't blame 'em none fur wantin' ter be out, fur 'twas so warm, an' there was so much ter see, that 'twould a bin hard stayin' in. I wasn't in no hurry ter go in myself, so I walked 'long slow, thinkin' how queer 'twas I sh'd be in sech a place as that instid o' bein' ter home with the Deacon; then I got ter thinkin' how lonesum he must be 'thout me, an' I begun ter feel a good deal homesick agin, but I sed ter myself I'd come there ter 'njoy it, an' as fur makin' myself miser'ble on his 'count I jest

sh'dn't do it. Then I took ter watchin' the picters on the tents that the folks inside of 'em made by ther shadders, an' I got ter laffin' so that I forgot 'bout bein' homesick. I tho't if sum of 'em could come out an' see how they looked they'd be pritty keerful 'bout gittin' 'fore the light, fur it didn't 'flect much ter ther good looks. There was sum what'd be called strikin' picters, an' if there'd bin anybody there ter take 'em he could a put 'em in an almanick an' made his fortin' by it. I was so took up with lookin' at 'em that I didn't mind which way I was goin', tell pritty soon I notised that the tents wasn't so near tergether, an' then, when I stopped ter look 'round, I couldn't tell where I was. I knowed I'd orter turned off onter Miller Av'nu sumwhere, but I'd gone past it, and where 'twas I couldn't a told if 'twas ter save me. I didn't feel like axin' anybody fur fear they'd git a bad 'pinyun of me fur wanderin' off 'lone so arter dark, so I turned 'round and walked back the way I come, thinkin' mebbe I'd find out 'thout axin'.

It was gittin' late an' there wasn't as many out as there had bin, an' I was 'most scairt ter death, fur I didn't know what might happin ter me. I tho't like as not there was robbers or sumthin' hidin' 'round there, an' I 'xpected every minit I'd be 'tackted. Bime

by I heerd a man comin' behind me, an' sez I ter myself, "That's one of 'em, sure's I'm livin'," an' then if ever I run in my life I gess 'twas that time. I shouldn't wonder if he tho't 'twasn't no use tryin' ter ketch me, fur I kal'-

"THAT'S ONE OF 'EM, SURE'S I'M LIVIN'"

late he never see a woman git over as much ground in a few minits 'fore.

When I see he wasn't arter me I stopped ter take my breath an' pick up a leetle, fur I was all of a tremble. Jest then I heerd a bell

ringin' that I knowed wasn't a great ways from our tent, an' follerin' that 'twasn't long 'fore I found myself back where I started from, and I reckon there never was anybody more thankful ter git inter a safe place than I was. Mandy hed got back 'fore I did, an' when I went in she sez,

"I'd like ter know where you've bin?" "Takin' a leetle walk," sez I. "I tho't you was that tired you couldn't go any where," sez she. "Mebbe that's the way I took ter git rested," sez I. She didn't say no more, an' then we went ter work fixin' things, so we'd be safe fur the night. When we'd got it done, I put my head inter Mis Baker's part an' sez I, "Mis Baker, if ye'll jest hold on ter Mr. Baker's nose till I git ter sleep I'll be 'bleeged ter ye." "Why," sez she, "did he keep ye 'wake last night?" "I should ruther think he did," sez I; "I alers tho't the Deacon made a dreffful racket 'bout sleepin', but, sakes alive! if he'd made sech a noise as Mr. Baker does I shouldn't a lived with him all this while." She laffed, an' sed she'd try an' keep him still, and I actu'lly b'lieve she lay 'wake all night ter shake that man, fur ev'ry time he started off on a rousin' snore he'd break down 'fore he got thro' as if he'd lost his breath, an' I gess she shook it out o' him. I rested a good deal better, an' got

up feelin' more chipper'n I did the mornin' 'fore. I told Mandy I'd go arter the milk while she got breakfust, seein' I knowed the way better'n she did. I didn't hev no trouble in findin' the place fur all I hed ter do was ter go 'long with the rest. There was so many waitin' ter git ther pails an' pitchers full that 'twas sum time 'fore I could git mine, an' then I tho't I'd go 'round by the bakery an' see what they'd got there. I found as many there as there was ter the milk store, an' it kept three or four men bizzy dealin' out bread an' biskits an' cakes, an' what else they hed. Ev'rybody wanted ter git sarved furst, an' sum of 'em 'peared ter be in sech a hurry that they'd forgot ther manners, an' scolded right sharp at bein' kept waitin', as tho' they'd never hed ter wait 'fore in ther lives. I knowed we didn't stand in need o' nothin', but I see sum nice lookin' cakes that I tho't would taste good an' I tho't I'd git sum, so soon's I got a chance I stepped up an' sez,

"How d'ye sell them cakes?"

"Sixty cents a dozen," sez he.

I'd got out my pocket-book ter buy 'em, but when he sed that I put it back agin pritty quick. "Charge anything fur lookin' at 'em?" sez I, "cause if ye don't, ye'd better, fur I kal'late ye don't git a chance ter make any money only wunce a year, an' I'd 'vise ye ter

make all ye kin then." He didn't say nothin', but them that was standin' there laffed, an' I walked off thinkin' I'd got the start o' him that time. I was so set up thinkin' 'bout it that I didn't notis which way I was goin', an' arter I'd walked fur 'nough ter git home I begun ter wonder why I didn't git there, an' then I see I'd gone an' got lost agin! If anybody'd bin lis'nin' I 'xpect they'd bin shocked at sumthin' I sed jest then, but as long's there didn't nobody hear me I ain't goin' ter tell what 'twas; but it was so aggravatin' ter think I couldn't stir out 'ithout losin' the way that I couldn't help s'pressin' my feelin's 'bout it. I tho't I wouldn't waste no time huntin' fur it, so I stepped up ter a pleasant lookin' woman that was settin' in the door of a tent an' sez I,

"Kin ye tell me where I kin find Miller Av'nu?" "Wy yer goin' right 'way from it," sez she; "it's the sec'nd street crossin' this as ye go back." So back I trudged agin, an' when I'd walked what I tho't was 'bout a mile I marched in ter our tent an' set down the pail o' milk on the table, an' sez I, "Wal, if it takes 'em as long ter wait on ev'rybody as it did me I wonder how they ever git thro'." "Ye don't mean ter say ye've bin all this while gittin' that milk!" sez she. "I come jest as soon's I could," sez I. "If ye

don't b'lieve it ye kin go yerself next time." I spoke ruther short, fur I didn't want her ter ax any more questyuns. I knowed if she got hold of it I never'd hear the last of it, an' I wasn't goin' ter give her a chance ter laff at me by tellin' her I couldn't find the way back.

CHAPTER VII.

FEEDING THE C. L. S. C.'s.

The breakfust hed all got cold waitin' fur me, an' we didn't neither of us feel very good-natered sumhow, so we didn't git much 'njoyment out of it. When we'd eat I told her she needn't wait fur me fur I wasn't goin' ter no lecters that mornin', so she put on her things an' went off ter go with Marier. I was glad she went, fur I hed a plan in my hed that I didn't want ter let her inter. I hedn't got it out o' my mind yit 'bout them poor starvin' C. L. S. C.'s, an' I'd bin studyin' over how I could giv' 'em sumthin' ter eat till I tho't I'd got it fixed up rale cute, but I wasn't goin' ter let anybody else hev a finger in my pie. I took a baskit an' filled it full o' bread'n butter an' cookies an' things I'd bro't 'long, an' then I started out on what I s'pose sum would call my misshun. I'd made up my mind 'forehand that I'd go ter the holy land furst (fur I tho't 'twas more'n probable I'd find sum of 'em takin' that in), an' fur all I'd sed I wouldn't go there agin I felt I'd orter sacerfise my feelin's if any good could come out of it.

Wal, it was dreffful warm, and that baskit

was awful heavy, an' 'fore I got there I wisht I'd never heerd o' them C. L. S. C.'s, but it was consolin' ter think I was actin' like a good Samarit'n an' would hev my r'ward sum time if I didn't then. That didn't hender my thankin' the Lord that 'twasn't no further'n 'twas, tho' I'd gessed right 'bout where ter find 'em, fur when I got there I found sev'ril of 'em walkin' 'round or settin' down on the ground. (I knowed 'em by ther hevin' ther books 'long, an' sum of 'em hed a pensil stuck up over ther ear so's to hev it handy when they wanted ter write down sumthin'.)

I looked 'round ter see sumbody that looked rale hungry, fur I knowed my baskit didn't hold 'nough ter feed very many, an' I tho't I'd take them that was most in need o' sumthin' furst. Now that I'd come ter it, it didn't seem so easy ter go up an' offer 'em sumthin' ter eat jest as if they was charity folks, an' I set down my baskit an' stood thinkin' how ter manige it.

Jest then two young wimmin come 'long near where I was an' set down an' went ter readin'. I tho't they looked a good deal down-hearted, an' I felt sartin' they hedn't hed no breakfust. It looked as tho' I'd bin d'rected 'speshul ter come there, fur 'twas plain they wanted chirkin' up if anybody did;

so I picked up my baskit an' walked 'long ter where they was, 'thout stoppin' fur manners.

"Good-mornin'," sez I ter 'em.

They looked up and sed "Good-mornin'," an' then went right on readin' as if they couldn't spend time ter say any more.

"I gess ye b'long ter the C. L. S. C.'s, don't ye?" sez I.

"Yis," sez one of 'em, "we're members of the C. L. S. C." "Hev a pritty hard time, don't ye?" sez I.

"Not so very hard," sez she.

"Ye needn't try ter make b'lieve 'tain't so, dear," I sez, "fur I've heerd all 'bout it—how ye hev ter study so hard an' don't hev 'nough ter eat. I'm drefful sorry fur ye, an' I've got a baskit full o' sumthin' I bro't 'long, an' yer welcum ter all ye kin eat;" an' I begun takin' out what ther was.

They looked at 'em ruther wishful, an' then at each other, an' then at me, as if they didn't know what ter do.

"Ye needn't be a bit afeerd," sez I, "fur Docter Vinson shan't know a word of it, an' ye kin hev it jest as well as not." Then they both 'peared ter be took with a fit o' coughin' right at the same time, an' got out ther handkerchers, an' coughed an' choked so 'twas quite a while 'fore they could say anything. Fin'lly one of 'em sez,

"Thank you, I gess we don't need anything ter eat. We hed our breakfust, an' are goin' ter hev our dinner bime by, so we ain't sufferin' jest now," an' she smiled as pleasant as if she was tellin' the truth. I didn't

"GESS YE BETTER TAKE IT, HEDN'T YE?" SEZ I.

b'lieve a word of it, but 'twas clear they didn't durst ter say anything else. "Gess ye better take it, hedn't ye?" sez I, holdin' out two slices o' bread an' butter with sum cold biled ham 'tween 'em. "No," sez she agin, "I

don't think we want it. Jest as much 'bleeged ter ye, tho'." I see they was bent on deceivin' me, an' 'twasn't no use tryin' ter make 'em eat anything, so I went ter puttin' things back in the baskit an' sez I, "I'm feerd ye'll be sorry ye didn't take it when ye hed a chance, fur ye may not hev anuther right off," an' then I went off, leavin' 'em coughin' harder'n ever.

I don't see what made 'em cough so, 'nless they got choked tellin' sech wrong stories. I was ruther diskerridged. I tho't if they was all goin' ter act that way I'd hev ter carry my things home agin, an' when I'd started out ter do sumthin' praise-desarvin' it wasn't ter my mind ter hev it upset so. I went 'long ter where there was a seat fixed round a tree, an' set down ter think what ter do next. I hedn't bin settin' there but a few minits 'fore two men come an' set down on the other side the tree an' commenced talkin'. I didn't notis much what they was sayin' till I heerd one of 'em say,

"It must cost a good deal ter keep this thing up. I hear they pay sum o' ther speakers as high as five hunderd dollers fur comin' here ter lecter." "Yes," sez the other, "it costs a good deal, but I don't 'xpect they count 'xpence in carryin' out the Chetauquy idee. It's wonderful that it should all hev started in one man's head an' grew ter sech a size in so short a time.

If it keeps on growin' as it has fur the next five year there ain't no tellin' where it'll stop ;" an' then they went ter talkin' 'bout sumbody that was ter come all the way from Bostin ter lecter there, but I didn't mind who 'twas. What they'd sed hed set me ter thinkin', an' the more thinkin' I did the more stirred up I got. I tho't here was the Deacon an' I ploddin' 'long year arter year, savin' an' scrimpin' ter git an 'onest livin', an' if we come out a hunderd dollers ahead at the end o' the year we tho't we was doin' pritty well, an' now ter hear that men could go there an' git five hunderd dollers all ter wunst jest fur lecterin' two or three times was too aggervatin' ter bear. I didn't know nothin' 'bout the Chetaquy idee, but I tho't if that was it 'twould hev ter grow a nashun sight bigger 'fore I took any stock in it, as they say now'days. I hed tho't I was too tired ter lug that baskit home agin, but now I took it up an' started back consid'rble more lively'n I'd come, an' sez I, " If this ere consarn kin 'ford ter pay five hunderd dollers fur a lecter it kin 'ford ter feed its starvin' poor, an' it may do it, fur *I* shan't.

I walked so fast I didn't hev no time ter git lost, an' when I got there I put my things away, an' set down ter git cooled off 'fore Mandy come. While I set there I picked

up one o' the 'Sembly papers that is printed there an' went ter readin' it, an' in a little while I got so int'rested that I furgot how provoked I was. I hedn't seen one of 'em 'fore, an' I was s'prised ter find how much infurmashun there was in 'em. It seemed as tho' there wasn't nothin' happ'ned on the hull grounds that they hedn't got in all 'bout it, sides printin' the lecters all out, so's anybody could read 'em if they didn't go an' hear 'em. Then they giv' a 'count of what was done ev'ry day, an' what was goin' ter be done next day, an' ev'rybody's name that come, an' where they was from, an' where they was stoppin', an' hed sumthin' good ter say 'bout most all of 'em. I hedn't no idee there was so many smart folks there till I read 'bout 'em, an' it sort o' set me up ter think I'd fell in with sech a lot o' bigbugs. Then I went ter lookin' over the names ter see if they'd got mine in, but I couldn't find it anywhere, an' ter tell the truth my feelin's was a good deal hurt. Ter be sure the Deacon ain't a preacher, but he's one o' the pillers o' the church ter home, an' looked up ter most as much, an' if they'd jest sed that Mis Deacon Hartshorn hed come, and was stoppin' on Miller Av'nu, 'twouldn't a bin nothin' more'n proper. But they hedn't sed a word 'bout it, an' now there wouldn't any-

body know I was there 'nless I told 'em, an' I tho't 'twasn't treatin' me very respec'ful. I didn't know but 'twas 'cause there wasn't room, fur there was so much ter tell 'bout what Docter Vinson was doin' that 'twasn't any wonder if they hed ter leave out sumbody; but I couldn't help feelin' ruther sore ter think it should a bin me. I put the paper down an' set 'bout gittin' dinner, but I was thinkin' all the time that things never air as they should be in this wurld. Sum folks is alers gittin' more'n b'longs ter 'em, an' others, jest as desarvin', has ter take what's left, an' sumtimes 'tain't 'greeable. Gittin' dinner didn't put me in any better frame o' mind. Mis Baker an' me hed ter do all our cookin' on one stove that wasn't big 'nough ter git a desent dinner on anytime, an' it took a good deal o' manigin' ter git 'long. The fire wouldn't burn wuth a cent, an' 'tween coaxin' that an' trottin' back an' forth, I was cooked harder'n the dinner was by the time 'twas ready. When Mandy came she hed lots ter say 'bout what a nice lecter she'd heerd, but I answered her up ruther short an' sed I didn't know as I wanted ter hear anything 'bout it. "Why not?" sez she. "'Cause I've heerd this mornin' that they pay sum o' them fellers as much as five hunderd dollers fur comin' here ter lecter," sez I, "an' it made me so out o'

pashunce that I don't feel as tho' I wanted ter hear any more of 'em." "Wal, I s'pose they think they'd orter hev it fur knowin' more'n other folks do," sez she. "No, they hedn't," sez I; "ther brains didn't cost 'em nothin',—least-ways I never heerd o' the Lord's chargin' anybody anything fur what he giv' 'em,—an' ter see 'em so graspin' as ter go 'round the country axin' five hunderd dollers fur tellin' folks what they know looks ter me as if they was ruther makin' capitle out o' the Almighty."

"Wy, Mis Hartshorn!" sez she, "how ye do talk! I think it's awful wicked ter say sech things."

"I can't help it if 'tis," sez I; "it's my 'pinyun, an' I kal'late I've got jest as good a right ter it as they hev ter ther'n." "I don't see how yer goin' ter better it any by stayin' 'way from the meetin's," sez she; "anyhow, *I* shan't. I've paid fur my ticket an' I'm goin' ter hev the wuth o' my money, if it keeps me goin' from mornin' till night." I hedn't tho't o' that 'fore. It *did* look as if I'd be cheatin' myself out o' what b'longed ter me if I staid 'way, an' yit I didn't feel like 'umerin' 'em by goin' ter hear 'em. Then I happ'ned ter think I could read all the lecters in the papers if I didn't go, so I shouldn't lose nothin' 'xcept seein' 'em, an' that wasn't wuth takin' inter 'count. "I

gess ye'd better go ter the meetin' at five o'clock," sez she, when we'd eat our dinner. "What's that?" sez I. "It's a meetin' fur the C. L. S. C's, where they git tergether ter talk 'bout the blunders they make talkin'," sez she. "Marier sez it's lots o' fun ter hear 'em." "Mercy sakes!" sez I. "I wonder if they can't talk yit 'tho't makin' blunders arter all the studyin' they've done. 'Pears ter me they ain't gittin' 'long very fast." "They hev ter be dreffful pertic'lar how they talk," she sez, "so's ter be sort o' an egsample fur other folks." "I don't know as I feel like takin' 'em fur an egsample," sez I. "I've lived in this ere wurld over fifty year an' I ain't never hed no diffikilty in makin' folks understand me yit, an' if I make any blunders talkin' I reckon I'm too old ter larn the new-fangled ways o' sayin' things." It struck me I'd go ter the meetin' fur all that, ter see how fur 'long they'd got. I hedn't 'counted on goin' ter the arternoon lecter, but when Mandy an' Marier started I tho't I'd walk 'long with 'em a little ways, an' when we got there I sed I might as well hev a seat as ter be walkin' 'round. I didn't keer nothin' 'bout hearin' the lecter, but I wanted a chance ter see sum o' them smart folks I'd read 'bout in the paper. I couldn't make 'em out very well, fur there wasn't no way o' findin' out who Docter this or that was, an' I tho't

'twould a bin a good plan if they'd hed ther names printed on ther hats so's ev'rybody could see it; but whenever I see a pair o' specticles an' a camp-cheer goin' down towards the front I made up my mind that the man behind 'em was sumbody wuth notisin', an' then I'd take a good squint at him. There was a good many folks there that didn't strike me as bein' r'markable in any 'way 'nless 'twas in bein' plain lookin'. Sum of 'em I took ter be 'bout as homespun as I was.

One thing I couldn't help notisin' all the time I was there, an' that was what a likin' ev'rybody seemed ter hev fur peanuts. Ye couldn't go anywhere, ter a lecter or anything else, but what ye'd see 'em munchin' 'way at 'em as tho' they couldn't git nothin' else ter eat. Wy, it kept 'em bizzy ter one place there all 'the time cookin' 'em, an' 'twas 'stonishin' where they ever got 'nough ter feed sech a crowd. I don't s'pose there was any harm in ther eatin' 'em if they wanted ter, an' I tho't 'twas rale crewel in Docter Vinson when I heerd him tell them C. L. S. C.'s they mustn't eat 'em—jest 'cause it didn't look well!

No dout the poor things was glad 'nough ter git hold o' anything, an' it looked downright onfeelin' ter deprive 'em o' that leetle comfort. 'Nuther thing I notised was that

ev'rybody wasn't there fur the sake o' improvin' 'emselves. 'Cordin' ter my way o' thinkin' there was a good deal goin' on that couldn't be called egsackly improvin', but they 'peared ter injoy it jest as much fur all that. I found out, too, I wasn't the only one that didn't keer as much 'bout hearin' the lecters as they did fur seein' folks, fur I see a good many that wasn't payin' no 'tenshun ter what was sed, an' I don't b'lieve they could hev told any better'n I could what 'twas all 'bout. I did git int'rested in one thing, tho', an' that was the blunder-meetin' at five o'clock.

There wasn't no lecter then, but they jest giv' up the time ter talkin' 'bout the blunders they'd heerd. The C. L. S. C.'s would write down sumthin' sumbody'd sed an' hand it ter Docter Vinson, an' he'd read it an' tell 'em what they'd orter sed; an' I tho't 'twas 'stonishin' what a blunderin' set they was there, not ter know how ter talk better. But the wust of all was when he found *he'd* bin makin' sum, an' hed got picked up fur it. I never should a durst ter told him of it in the wurld if I'd heerd it, but he took it rale good-natered an' got out of it by sayin' he didn't b'lieve he ever sed it. They couldn't all 'gree on sum pints, an' it took a sight o' discussin' ter settle what 'twas proper ter say. 'Fore they got thru I felt as tho' I hedn't ever

larned how ter talk, an' wasn't likely ter when them that knowed so much more'n I did couldn't 'gree.

When we was goin' home Marier sez, "We sh'll want ter go ter all the meetin's ter-morrer, fur it's goin' ter be a big day." "What they goin' ter do?" I axed. "Oh, ye must read the program in the paper," sez she. "I can't begin ter tell all of it. They 'xpect Gin'ral Garfield fur one thing, an' I wouldn't miss seein' him fur a good deal."

"Is he comin' here ter lecter?" sez I. "I gess not," sez she, "but I s'pose they pay him jest the same, fur there's lots more folks'll come ter see him than would come ter hear a lecter." "I don't know as I'd go very fur ter see him," sez I. "A man ain't sech a wonderful thing that anybody need ter put 'emselves out ter see one." "That 'pends on who 'tis," sez she. "I never see a live pres'dent yit, an' if he's goin' ter be the next one I want a look at him." I don't 'xpect what she sed hed anything ter do with it, but I got ter thinkin' mebbe '*twould* be sumthin' wuth tellin' of when I got home. I've notised folks is alers treated more respec'ful if they've seen sumbody oncommon, an' 'tain't ev'ry day there's a chance ter see a pres'dent, so I tho't p'raps I'd better take a leetle pains ter see him. Fact was, I was beginnin' ter feel a good

deal wore out a' ready, fur I wasn't ust ter trampin' 'round so much. I've bin takin' on flesh consid'rble late years, an' I find 'tain't so easy gittin' 'bout as 'twas wunce. Then there was sumthin' happ'nin' all the time ter keep me stirred up so I couldn't git no chance ter rest. It ralely seemed as if I was workin' harder'n I would ter staid ter home, but I wasn't goin' ter giv up arter all the fuss I'd hed ter come—only I couldn't help thinkin' that evenin' that I *would* like a more comfort-'ble bed ter sleep on. It seemed as tho' I'd never git ust ter sleepin' on sech a thing as I hed ter there (let 'lone all the rest there was ter keep me 'wake). Mandy didn't seem ter mind it so much; but she was younger'n I was, an' could git 'long with sech things better.

Next mornin' when I was dressin' Mandy sez, "Ain't ye goin' ter wear yer silk dress ter-day?" "What sh'd I wear that fur?" sez I, "it's my Sunday dress, an' I ain't goin' ter be so 'xtravagunt as ter put it on week-days." "Ye won't hurt it any," sez she, "an' ev'ry-body'll wear the best they've got ter-day." "Wal, *I* shan't, that's sartin," sez I. "If folks is a mind ter put on ther nice clothes ter go trapsin' 'round here ev'ry day let 'em, but I hope I've got more sense'n ter do sech a thing."

She didn't say no more ter me, but went

an' rigged herself up in her best dress an' put on bows an' fixin's, as tho' she 'xpected ev'rybody'd be lookin' at her. I brushed up my black alpacky an' put it on, hopin' she'd feel r'proved fur bein' so vain. When it come ter gittin' the milk I sed I didn't feel like walkin' so fur, an' Mandy sed she didn't want ter go; so we sed we'd hev Mr. Baker git it, 'cause he could go quicker. He was gone so long I mistrusted he'd got lost too, so I started out ter look fur him, an' found he'd come 'cross a man 'fore he got ter the corner, an' there he stood talkin' as if he s'posed the milk would bring itself. "Mr. Baker, ain't ye got that milk yit?" I called out ter him. "I'm goin' right arter it," sez he, startin' off pritty fast. "That's jest like a man," sez I ter Mandy; "giv' 'em sumbody ter talk ter an' they ain't wuth more'n an old turkey gobbler fur bein' o' use ter anybody." I gess he was 'feerd I'd scold him, fur he was back in a few minits an' was wonderful sosh'ble. "What d'ye s'pose the Deacon would giv' if he could be here ter-day?" sez he, pokin' the fire, an' makin' me wait fur him ter git out o' my way. "Not more'n I'd giv' if I was there," sez I, speakin' up pritty quick. "Ho, I gess yer homesick, ain't ye?" sez he. "I don't keer what ye call it," sez I, "but if I could jest step foot in my kitch'n this mornin' I wouldn't

ax fur nothin' else. When I go off pleasurin' agin I'll go sumwhere where I won't hev ter work fur it as I do now. 'Cordin' ter my thinkin' a body pays fur all they git here." "And 'cordin' ter my thinkin' they git all they pay fur too," sez he, laffin', "so I gess it's 'bout square. But ye'd better git out as soon's ye kin an' see how nice they've got things fixed up," sez he; an' sure 'nough it did look as fine as a 4th of July celebrashun. The paper hed told 'em all ter hang out ther flags an' make things look rale smart, 'cause there was so many folks comin', an' 'twas su'prisin' how many they'd maniged ter hunt up an' how tasty they'd got 'em 'ranged. "I didn't know's there was so many flags in the hull country," sez I ter Mandy, but she was so took up with seein' folks that she didn't hear me; an' 'twasn't no wonder, fur it did seem as if all creashun hed turned out ter come there that day. An' then sech dressin'! There ain't no tellin' nothin' 'bout it, only that there was silks an' sat'ns an' velvet an' beads an' lace, an' I don't know what all, heaped tergether till ye couldn't tell what 'twas meant fur.

The way sum o' them wimmin was got up was past findin' out, an' I tho't while I was lookin' at 'em if Solomun hed bin there he'd hed ter go an' hide himself, fur I don't 'xpect if he'd bin drest up in all his glory he could a

held a candle ter 'em. I couldn't help turnin' 'round ter look at sum of 'em when they past me, but Mandy kep' pullin' me 'long, fur she sed it didn't look well. I won't 'low I felt 'shamed o' my alpacky dress, but sumhow it didn't look as nice as it did when I put it on, an' I sort o' hed the feelin' that ev'rybody was lookin' at it. It didn't make it any better knowin' I hed a black silk in my trunk seein' nobody else knowed it, an' I wisht more'n wunce I hedn't bin so set 'bout not wearin' it. We went ter the ampletheter pritty airly so as ter git good seats, an' we found ev'rybody else ('peared ter be) possess'd with the same idee, fur they come pourin' in so fast it didn't take long ter fill 'em all, an' then they kep' comin' with cheers till there wasn't no room left. When it come time ter begin' the meetin' them jubylee singers carried ev'rybody 'way with ther singin' agin, an' then instid o' hevin' a lecter there was speeches by Docter Vinson an' Mr. Stewart, an' a good many more that I don't rec'lect ther names, only I remember they figered consider'ble in the war. There was sumthin' they called the Christyun commishun that they'd hed a good deal ter do with, an' Docter Vinson hed invited 'em ter hold a meetin' there an' talk 'bout it; an' when I found out what 'twas, an' how much good it did ter the sick an' wound-

ed solgers, I was 'most 'shamed ter think I didn't know more 'bout it. It was rale techin' ter hear 'em tell how the poor fellers suff'red, an' what they sed when they was dyin'. Most ev'rybody got ter cryin', an' 'fore I knowed it I was huntin' fur my handkercher. "I can't see no use in harrowin' up folkes feelin's by bringin' up sech dreffful things," sez I ter Mandy. "I s'pose they're afeerd we'll furgit it," sez she. "There ain't no danger o' our furgittin' it if they didn't say nothin' 'bout it," sez I; "anyhow, I can't see what it has ter do with a Sunday-school 'sembly." Wal, they kep' on talkin' till 'twas dinner-time, an' then they let up a spell so's ter giv' folks a chance ter git sumthin' ter eat. When we got home the furst thing I did was ter git out my black silk dress an' put it on. "I tho't ye wasn't goin' ter wear that ter-day," sez Mandy. "Wal, my alpacky is dreffful warm, an' I tho't I'd see if this wouldn't be more comfort'ble," sez I.

She laffed but didn't say nothin', only I gess she was glad I put it on, fur if I do say it, I looked pritty spruce fur a woman o' my age, an' she hedn't no reason ter be mortyfied at bein' seen with me. Arter dinner they went on with the meetin' an' hed sev'ril more speeches, an' it seemed as if they never would git thru tellin' all there was ter tell. O'

course 'twas a good deal int'restin', but that didn't keep me from gittin' so tired that my head was spinnin' like a top when 'twas out with hevin' so much crowded inter it, an' I was proper glad ter git home agin an' stop hearin' things. There was ter be a consert an' a lecter in the evenin' an' Mandy tho't I'd better go, but I told her I'd heerd 'nough fur one day, an' nothin' short of an airthquake could start me out agin. When she'd gone I set thinkin' over things, an' 'fore I knowed it I dopped off ter sleep, an' then the most sing'ler thing happ'ned! I dreampt that the Decon went an' jined the army an' got shot, an' was goin' ter die; an' when that air Christyun commishun axed him where was his wife, so's they could tell her, he went an' giv' 'em a woman's name what lives over the Ridge, that he sed he was married ter when I was gone ter Chetauquy. It giv' me sech a shock that it woke me up, an' I declare I felt as if I'd jest come from my own fun'ral.

'Twas quite a spell 'fore I could b'lieve 'twas nothin' but a dream, an' then I couldn't git over feelin' oncomfort'ble. I'd hed too many r'mark'ble dreams not ter know that sech a one as that meant sumthin', an' I set an' tried ter think what it could be. I knowed there wasn't no army fur him ter jine, but that part 'bout his marryin' anuther woman

made me a good deal oneasy. O' course I knowed the Deacon was a man o' good moral karacter, an' 'twasn't no-ways likely he'd do sech a thing; but men is queer critters an' 'tain't safe ter trust 'em too fur. The best o' 'em 'll bear watchin', an' I've alers made it a pint ter keep an eye on him—not that I've ever hed any 'spichuns of him, fur he's gin'rally behaved himself pritty well, but it's better on sum 'counts. Wal, as I sed, I set there thinkin' whether or no I'd done jest the right thing in comin' off an' leavin' him. If he *should* take a noshun ter go an' see the widder Tompkins an' git himself talked 'bout I should be mortyfied 'most ter death. I'd heerd him say wunce that he tho't she was an oncommon likely woman, an' it struck me mebbe he'd feel free ter go an' see her, seein' I was 'way. Thinkin' 'bout it didn't make me feel any easier, an' I gess I'd bin willin' ter giv' all I hed in the wurld if I could a knowed where he was that evenin'.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GRAND SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

WHEN Mandy come she went ter praisin' up the consert, an' sed what a pity 'twas I didn't go; an' I wisht I hed, if 'twould kep' me from hevin' that dream. I didn't feel much like talkin', an' when we'd got ter bed Mandy went ter sleep pritty quick, but I lay an' fidgited till 'most mornin'. I don't s'pose there was anybody in all that 'sembly in sech a state o' mind as I was, an' I wisht a good many times that Chetauquy hed bin drounded in the lake 'fore I ever heerd of it. It seemed as if mornin' would never come, an' when it did I felt as tho' I'd hed an 'tack o' fever an' ager. Mandy see I wasn't very chipper an' axed me if I was sick. "Yes," sez I, "I feel pritty bad, an' if 'twasn't Sunday I sh'd start fur home." She was fur hevin' me go an' see a docter, but I knowed 'twasn't no docter's stuff I wanted. I hed no doubt if I could git my mind on sumthin' else an' stop thinkin' 'bout the Deacon I'd feel better. There was ter be a big Sunday-school that mornin', an' I tho't mebbe I'd like that as well as anything; so

when we'd hed breakfust we went ter the ampletheter, where 'twas ter be held. Wal, I was goin' ter tell 'bout it, but, sakes alive! there ain't no sech thing as givin' anybody any idee of it. I was 'xpectin' ter see sumthin' pritty big, but it went beyend ev'rything I ever see or heerd of fur a Sunday-school. The childern, an' the grown up folks too, was all 'ranged in classes, with teachers ter hear 'em say ther lessons, an' when they got ter goin' an' was all talkin' ter wunce I couldn't think o' nothin' fur all the wurld but the Lord's confusin' the folkses tongues when they was buildin' the tower o' Bable, an' I tho't it must a sounded a good deal as that did. I s'pose 'twasn't proper ter laff, but I couldn't help it fur all that, an' I gess Docter Vinson himself would a laffed if he'd stood on the outside an' heerd it. Mandy wanted ter know if I was goin' ter jine a class, but I sed I gessed I was too old ter go ter larnin' my Sunday-school lessons over agin, an' she sed she didn't want ter, so, as 'twasn't perticler edifyin' lookin' on, we sed we'd walk 'round a bit 'fore meetin' time. Jest as we started ter go 'way we run aginst Mr. Slocum from the Corners. I was drefful glad ter see him when I found out he'd jest come, fur I wanted ter hear from there powerful bad. "How's the Deacon gittin' long?" sez I, soon s I

could 'thout seemin' too cur'us. "Wal, I gess he ain't hevin' a very good time," sez he; "he looked a good deal down in the mouth when I see him yisterday, an' when I sed I was comin' here he sed if 'twasn't agin his prinserples ter go off a pleasurin' Sundays he didn't know but what he'd come 'long too. It's my 'pinyun he'll be pritty glad ter see ye when ye git home." Sumhow that r'lieved me wonderful. I tho't if he was 'njoyin' himself he wouldn't be wantin' ter see me, an' I could see plain 'nough that *was* what he wanted. I begun ter feel so much better that I sed ter myself mebbe I'd better stay till 'twas out instid o' goin' home next day. "How long ye goin' ter stay?" sez I. "I must go back ter-morrer," sez he; "what shall I say ter the Deacon fur ye?" "Ye kin tell him I'm 'njoyin' myself furstrate, an' ain't makin' no kal'lashuns on comin' home till the 'sembly's out," sez I, fur I wasn't goin' ter hev him think I was frettin' myself on his 'count. He laffed, an' sez, "I shouldn't wonder if ye'd hev sum house-cleanin' ter do when ye git there, fur the Deacon don't seem ter take ter keepin' house much." Then he sez, "Hev ye seen Gin'ral Garfield yit?" "No," sez I, "an' I reckon I ain't likely ter, fur I don't much b'lieve he was comin'. I heerd they was 'xpectin' him yisterday, but I ain't seen nothin'

of him, an' I mistrust they got up sech a story so's ter git lots o' folks ter come here." "I gess that ain't so," sez he, "fur I heerd a man say he see him here this mornin', an' as that's what I'm here fur I gess I'll go an' find out where he's stoppin'." 'Twas clear they was all 'xpectin' sumthin', an' when the Sunday-school let out they filled up the ampletheter agin quicker'n I'm tellin' 'bout it; an' then there was a sarmon preached by sumbody they called a docter, but I'm sartin he must a bin a preacher, fur no docter could a preached like that. I must say 'twas more ter my mind than anything I'd heerd yit, an' I couldn't help wishin' the Deacon hed bin there ter hear it, fur I knowed 'twas jest his views on sum pints. I was so int'rested I furgot all 'bout Gin'ral Garfield. I heerd arterwards that he was there, but if he was he kep' still 'bout it, an' I don't 'xpect many of 'em knowed it.

When the meetin' was out folks didn't hardly giv' 'emselves time ter eat ther dinners 'fore they was back agin, an' it seemed as if the crowd was bigger'n ever, if sech a thing could be. It 'peared ter be giner'lly understood that he was ter be there, an' 'twas a good deal amusin' ter see folkses heads a bobbin' every time there was any stir, as tho' they was 'feerd they shouldn't see him; but

they might hev saved 'emselves the trouble, fur Docter Vinson maniged it so's they could all git a look at him 'thout breakin' ther necks. When it come time fur ter begin the meetin' he bro't him out on the platform an' interduced him ter 'em, an' then, as quick as a flash o' lightnin', ev'rybody hed out ther handkerchers shakin' 'em at him. There wasn't no cheerin', but they desarved a good deal o' credit fur keepin' it back when they wanted ter so bad, an' 'twas a powerful sight more sollum'n if they hed. I 'xpect 'twas what I've heerd called a "speakin' silunce." They couldn't all shake hands with him, so Docter Vinson did it fur 'em, an' it seemed as if they was sort o' 'xpectin' the Gin'ral would make a speech then; but he didn't, 'cause 'twas Sunday, an' he was only there so's folks could look at him. I was settin' pritty near in front an' hed a good chance ter see him, an' I'm free ter say I didn't diskiver anything r'mark'ble 'bout him as fur as looks is consarned. There was a good many likelier lookin' men in that crowd'n he was, an' I couldn't help thinkin' that it's 'stonishin' how ready ev'rybody is ter fall down an' wurship a man if he's only got a handle hitched onter his name—there ain't nothin' else'll lift up a man so high in this wurld as that will.

Now, I never was one o' the kind ter be all

carried 'way with sumbody jest 'cause they've got a big name. I 'xpect Queen Victory's a pritty nice sort o' woman, but I kal'late if her name hed been Nancy Hartshorn nobody'd ever found out she was anything r'mark'ble, an' if I'd happ'ned ter be born Queen Victory there ain't no sech thing as tellin' what a smart woman I'd a bin. Fact is there's a good many things in this wurld I'd hed diff'runt if I'd hed my say 'bout it, but I found out a long time ago 'twasn't no sort o' use ter try an' fix 'em any better. They've alers bin so, an' I 'xpect they alers will. Let me see, what was I tellin' 'bout? Oh! 'bout Gin'ral Garfield. Wal, arter ev'rybody'd seen him he went an' set down, an' then the Young Men's Christyun 'Sosiashun took up the meetin' an' told what they'd bin doin' fur the last thirty year or more, an' I declare I could hardly b'lieve my own ears. The day' fore I tho't that Christyun commishun hed done more good in the wurld'n anything else, but now I see I was mistak'n, fur the Young Men's 'Sosiashun beat 'em all ter peices, 'cordin' ter 'counts. Wy, they'd actu'lly gone clear ter Jeruserlum an' Nazaruth an' set up 'sosiashuns there, tho' anybody'd s'pose the folks there'd be sech good Christyuns they wouldn't need any sech things; but I shouldn't wonder if human nater is pritty much the same the wurld

over, an' 'twouldn't be noways su'prisin' if they'd bear bein' made better over there. But the most sing'ler thing of all was that they'd got ter Chicaugo an' gone ter work ter git sumbody convarted there! Not but what there was need 'nough, the mercy knows, but how on airth anybody ever hed the kurrige ter try ter do anything fur sech a set o' heath'n as there is there is more'n I kin tell. 'Bout the furst man ter make a speech was a man that come from there an' he was quite a likely man too—I don't know but I'd took him fur a York State man if they hedn't sed he was from Chicaugo—an' I tho't 'twas rale inkurrigin' ter hear that so many folks there hed r'formed an' was behavin' 'emselves more 'spectable. Wal, there was a good many speeches, an' sum singin' by the jubylee singers, an' takin' it all tergether I tho't 'twas 'bout as int'restin' as any meetin' I'd bin ter. Arter 'twas out the young wimmin hed *ther* meetin', but o' course they couldn't tell anything like sech things o' what they was doin', fur they hedn't nothin' ter work on. There wasn't no need fur 'em ter go 'round huntin' up misshunary work as long's there wasn't nothin' ter do. The most that could be 'xpected of 'em was that they sh'd read ther bibles an' go ter meetin' Sundays an' hev a class in Sunday-school, an' it's likely all young wimmin does

that, so they didn't stand no chance o' r'formin' anybody.

There was ter be anuther meetin' in the evenin', but I didn't feel it my dooty ter go. I'd alers bin ust ter regardin' Sunday as a day o' rest fur meditatin' an' readin' the Scripters, an' it didn't seem ter me ter be 'xactly right ter be goin' all the time, ev'n if 'twas ter meetin', so I staid ter home an' meditated, but I'm 'feerd I didn't read the Scripters much.

The next mornin' it got 'round that Gin-'ral Garfield was goin' ter leave on the furst boat, an' ev'rybody was postin' down ter the landin' ter see him off. I told Mandy I could spend my time ter better 'count'n ter be chasin' arter him, but she was so bent on seein' ev'rything there was ter see that I 'xpect she'd broke her neck if she'd hed ter 'fore she'd missed goin'. I tho't she'd say more ter git me ter go, but she didn't urge me none, an' I kinder tho't she'd ruther I wouldn't. When she'd gone, I happ'ned ter think mebbe I'd hev a chance ter git an interducshun ter him if I went, an' then I husled on my things an' went taggin' 'long arter the rest; but as soon's I got there I giv' up that idee, fur I couldn't git within a good many rod o' him, fur the crowd there was. I tho't he must think he was sumbody consider'ble, ter make sech a sight o' folks turn out so airly in

the mornin' ter see him, but he didn't 'pear ter be set up any by it notwithstandin', an' made a rale nice speech when he was interduced agin, thankin' 'em fur treatin' him so well an' sayin' how much pleased he was with Chetauquy. I gess a good many was 'xpectin' he'd say sumthin' 'bout polytics, but if they did he disapinted 'em, fur he didn't say nothin' ter show what side he was on, an' I tho't on sum 'counts 'twas jest as well he didn't. When he got there they cheered him 'nough ter make up fur ther keepin' still the day 'fore, an' I gess he found out they could make noise 'nough when they set out ter. They kep' proposin' more cheers, till fin'lly the jubylee singers hed ter sing a piece ter make 'em git quiet. O' course arter that they hed ter go ter cheerin' agin, an' when the boat started off they waved ther handkerchers an' sung Glory Halleluyer at him as long's he could hear 'em. Seemed as tho' they tho't the more they did the better he'd think o' 'em, an' sartinly they couldn't hev done any more if he'd bin a rale presidunt. I didn't wait ter see whether they fired off any big guns or not, fur I wanted ter git back 'fore Mandy did, so she wouldn't know I went. When she come I was settin' there as quiet as if I hedn't stirred sence she went 'way. I didn't ax her 'bout it, fur I tho't 'twould look

as if I was cur'us ter know how he got off, an' she hed so much ter do ter fix herself in rig ter go ter meetin' that she didn't think ter tell me. When 'twas time ter go, seein' I wasn't gittin' ready, she axed me if I wasn't goin'.

"No," sez I, "I gess I'll take it sort o' easy an' not go ter meetin' much ter-day." "What air ye goin' ter do, then?" sez she, lookin' ruther s'prised. "I'll manige ter find sumthin' ter take up my time," sez I; "ye needn't stay ter home on my 'count." Ter tell the truth, I hed sev'ril things on my mind that I tho't 'twasn't nec'sary ter tell her 'bout. Now Mandy's a rale nice sort o' body, an' I wouldn't say a word agin her fur nothin'; but she's dreffful proper, an' she's got an' idee'n her hed that it don't look well ter be lookin' inter things an' askin' questyuns 'bout 'em. Now I'm ruther o' 'n 'nvestigatin' turn o' mind. I like ter see inter things, an' if there's anything I want ter know I don't mind askin' 'bout it. I don't 'xpect ter go thru' this wurld but wunce, an' I'm goin' ter git all the informashun I kin out o' it this time, if I do git laffed at; but Mandy was so 'feerd o' hevin' sumbody think she was from the *country* that she'd a died 'fore she'd axed anybody anything, an' tho' she hedn't sed much I could see it ruther mortyfyed her ev'ry time

I did, so I made up my mind I'd go 'thout her when I went sight-seein'. That was why I didn't tell her what I was kal'latin' ter do. There was sev'ril things I wanted ter see, an' I didn't want her 'long pullin' my dress an' nudgin' me if I didn't do ev'rything jest proper. When she went off I put on my things an' set off on 'n 'nvestigatin' tower. I wasn't settled where ter go furst, but I tho't I'd take what seemed ter come in my way; so I walked 'long till I come ter a buildin' that hed '*Sembly Her'ld* printed on it, an' I sed ter myself I sh'dn't wonder if that was where they made 'em, an' seein' that was one o' the places I wanted ter go ter I might as well begin there. There was a man comin' out as I was goin' in, an' I sez ter him, "Is the editer of the paper here?" "Yes, there he is," sez he, pintin' ter a nice lookin' man that was settin' there. He heerd me askin' fur him, an' got up an' come 'long, an' sez, "Good-mornin'; what can I do fur ye this mornin'?" "'Nothin' pertic'lar, thank ye," sez I; "I was goin' past here an' I tho't I'd jest step in an' see ye," an' then, seein' he didn't 'pear ter know me, I sez,

"I'm Mis Deacon Hartshorn from the Corners, an' I'm stoppin' on Miller Av'nu'."

"I'm very glad ter see ye, Mis Hartshorn," sez he, reachin' out his hand an' smilin' as

pleasant as if he'd alers knowed me; "I take it ye've jest come." "No," sez I, "I've bin here sev'ril days, but ye didn't put it in the paper when I come, so 'tain't strange ye don't r'member 'bout it." "Realy, Mis Hartshorn, ye must 'xcuse us fur sech'n oversight," sez he; "ye see there is so many folks here that we don't git all ther names soon's they come; but I'll see that your name is in the next paper, certin." "Don't put yerself ter any trouble 'bout it, fur 'tain't no consequence any way," sez I, seein' he was so perlite. "I jest tho't mebbe ye'd better menshun it, so's anybody'd know where I was in case they sh'd be lookin' fur me." "Certingly," sez he, "that is what a paper is fur—ter giv' infurmashun ter ev'rybody." "So 'tis," sez I, "an' there can't nobody say ye don't do yer dooty in that; but it beats me how ye ever manige ter find out so much. Must keep ye runnin' 'round all the time." "Oh!" sez he, smilin', "I don't do it all; I hev a good many ter help me, an' that makes it easier." Then I sed I'd alers bin wonderful cur'us ter know how papers was printed, an' so he took me 'long inter anuther room where there was a good many men settin' tipe, as he called it, an' 'xplained it all ter me as kind as if I'd bin a relative o' his; an' he didn't act as tho' he tho't he'd orter be paid fur it, neither which is more'n I kin

say o' folks gin'rally. I couldn't fur the life o' me see how 'twas done, but 'twouldn't a bin usin' him very well ter say so arter all the trouble he'd bin ter, ter tell me; an' so when I seen all there was ter see, an' there wasn't no 'xcuse fur me ter stay any longer, I told him I was much 'bleeged ter him fur makin' it plain ter me, an' then I sed "Good-mornin'" agin, an' went 'way thinkin' if ev'rybody took as much pains ter be pleasant ter folks 'twould be a sight more comfort'ble gittin' 'long. The next thing I was set on seein' was Noer's Ark, as they called it in the paper. I was intendin' ter ask the editer 'bout it but hed furgot ter, an' I was dreffful sorry, fur I tho't likely he could tell me more'n anybody else. I couldn't think how in the wurld they'd got it there, fur I hedn't no idee it hed bin presarved till this time; but I was beginnin' ter think there wasn't nuthin' that Docter Vinson couldn't do, an' I didn't know but he'd found it sumwhere when he was trav'lin' 'round an' hed bro't it thereter show ter folks. The paper hedn't sed where they kep' it, but I tho't prob'ble I could find out ter the intelligunce offis, so I started fur there. 'Fore I got there I met a man walkin' 'long slow an' lookin' as tho' he'd jest lives answer any questyuns as not, so I made bold ter say ter him,

"Kin ye tell me where I kin find Noer's Ark?"

"Noer's Ark?" sez he, as if he didn't know what I meant; an' then he laffed an' sez, "Oh, yes, it's close by here," an' he went a few steps from where we was an' pinted it out ter me.

"That it?" sez I, "I don't see nuthin' like an ark 'bout that. I s'posed they'd got the rale ark that Noer built here, but that ain't nothin' but a big tent." "I gess they couldn't git that here so they hed ter put this up'n place of it," sez he. "Then I don't see what bisness they've got ter call it Noer's Ark," sez I, speakin' ruther sharp, fur I wasn't goin' ter be imposed on that way 'thout givin' my 'pinyun 'bout it. "Wy, it's like Noer's Ark," sez he, "'cause there couldn't nobody git inter *that* 'thout they was 'nvited, an' it's jest so with this one; all the diff'runce is, that was Noer's an' this is Docter Vinson's."

"Who's he goin' ter put in there?" sez I.

"Oh, all them that's ter lecter or preach in the meetin's," sez he; "he'd got ter hev sum place ter keep 'em so he hed that made fur 'em." "Why didn't he let 'em go ter that big hotell?" sez I.

"Wy," sez he, "ye see them fellers git so ust ter makin' a good deal o' noise when they're 'wake that they furgit ter stop when they go ter sleep, an' keep right on, an' if they

was in the hotell there couldn't nobody else sleep a wink, so he hed ter put 'em off here where they wouldn't 'sturb anybody." "I should think they'd 'sturb 'emselves," sez I. "There ain't no danger o' that," sez he, "fur they're all tryin' ter see who kin make the most noise all the time, an' it makes 'em work 'bout as hard nights as they do in the day time." I sed I'd like ter see what sort o' place 'twas inside, an' axed him if I could go in. He sed there wouldn't be no harm if I did, so when I'd thanked him fur tellin' me 'bout it I walked 'long an' went in. There didn't 'pear ter be nobody ter home, so I didn't feel anyways compuncshus 'bout lookin' 'round.

There was a middlin' sized room that I furst went inter that looked like a settin-room, an' the rest was all cut up inter leetle rooms, jest big 'nough fur a bed an' a stand an' a few other things, but ev'rything looked rale tidy an' comfert'ble. There was a woman settin' in one of 'em an' 'ritin'. I didn't see her till I'd stepped in, an'she didn't hear me till she see me, so we was both of us took a good deal by s'prise, an' I gess she was most scairt ter death, fur she jest set an' looked at me as if she couldn't say nuthin'. She was dressed butiful, an' hed a rale inersent face, an' I tho't mebbe she b'longed ter sum o' the tribes that was in the ark, so I sez,

"Don't be 'feerd, dear, I was only lookin' round a leetle, ter see what sort o' place ye've got ter stay in. I heerd this is where Docter Vinson keeps the lions an' bears, an' all them that's ter be saved, in case anything sh'd happ'n while the 'sembly's here. Be you one of 'em?" She looked as tho' she tho't certin I was sum crazy lunytic, an' fin'lly she sez, "I'm sure I can't think what you mean."

"Don't try ter, then, honey," sez I; "ye don't look as if ye was ust ter hard work, anyhow. Ye jest go on with yer 'ritin', an' I'll go right away an' won't bother ye any more," an' with that I left her ter git her wits tergether agin. (I feel sorry ev'ry time I think of it yit, ter hev giv' her sech a start.) Wal, when I'd bin all throu' it, an' seen how home-like it looked, I made up my mind 'twas a rale nice ark ter stay in, an' I couldn't help wishin' I was sumbody uncommon or b'longed ter somebody that was, so's I could bin 'nvited ter stop there. I don't 'xpect Noer had things fixed up any where near so nice fur his folks, an' I kal'late he'd bin a good deal set back if he could a seen that. 'Twas gittin' 'long towards noon now. I see I'd hev ter put off goin' ter any more places; but there was one thing I sed ter myself I *would* do, an' that was ter go an' see Docter Vin-

son an' git 'cquainted with him. I s'pose there's them that'll think it strange I should, seein' I was so set aginst him, but I wasn't goin' ter let that stand in the way. I didn't want ter hev it ter say when I got home that I'd been there all the time an' hedn't spoke ter him. I reck'n I know 'nough 'bout what good manners is ter know that it ain't very proper ter go ter a party an' not speak ter the one that invited ye, an' I alers make it a pint ter be perlite ter folks, ev'n if I don't like 'em much. I'd heerd 'em say he hed an' offis back o' the ampletheter, where anybody could go an' see him if they wanted ter, so I tho't I'd go 'round back that way an' giv' him a call. When I got there I most wished I hedn't come, fur my currige was oozin' out o' me as fast as if I'd bin walkin' up ter a loaded cannun, an' I stood an' waited a spell ter pick up a leetle; but my heart was thumpin' so hard I was 'feerd he'd think 'twas sumbody knockin', so I walked 'way a bit ter git more settl'd. When I come back I felt more like goin' in, but just then a man op'ned the door ter come out an' I ketched a glimps o' sev'ril men in there, an' then I backed off agin, an' I couldn't git myself ter say I'd go, all I could do. I tho't mebbe he wouldn't be glad ter see me, an' I shouldn't know what ter say 'fore all them men, an' like as not

'twould be a good deal imbarrassin'. Then I happ'ned ter think what if he should ax me ter jine them C. L. S. C.'s, an' what should I say, an' that was 'nough. Manners or no manners I wasn't goin' ter git myself inter any sech fix as that, an' I walked off a sight faster'n there was any need of, seein' there wasn't anybody arter me. Mandy got home pritty soon arter I did, an' she wanted ter know if I'd got rested any. I sed I hed, but I didn't go inter pertic'lers, an' she don't know ter this day but what I was sleepin' all that mornin'. While I was thinkin' whether I'd better go out sight-seein' agin that arternoon she sed there was a lady there that hed bin 'ritin' a story an' she was goin' ter read sum of it ter 'em that arternoon in the ampletheter, an' I tho't I'd like ter go an' see her; tho' as ter hearin' a story, I could read all o' 'em I wanted ter, 'thout goin' fur ter hear 'em. It didn't make no diff'runce what 'twas, folks didn't never seem ter git tired goin', an' that ampletheter was full ev'ry time there was anything goin' on. When Miss Pansie (fur that was her name) come out ter read her story I was so set back I didn't know what ter do, fur I tho't certin 'twas the lady I'd seen in the ark that mornin'; but I don't think 'twas, fur this one was more—I don't know what ter call it, but I gess it's self-pos-

sessed'n that one was, an' wouldn't a bin so easy upset. I liked her story pritty well,—or ruther I liked it when I red it in the paper arterwards, fur I didn't hear much of it then. O' course 'twas 'bout them C. L. S. C.'s,—'twouldn't a bin a Chetauquy story 'nless 'twas. I didn't ralely find out what they was till I red it; but when I heerd her readin' that day I got out o' pashunce, an' I sez ter Marier (she'd come 'long with us), "Fact is I'm gittin' C. L. S. C.'d ter death. There ain't nothin' else ter be heerd of here. I mean ter put a book under my arm an' stick a pensil up over my ear ev'ry time I stir out arter this, fur I shan't git no 'tenshun paid ter me till I do." "I gess ye'll hev ter do sumthin' more'n that if yer goin' ter be one of 'em," sez she, laffin'. "I s'pose it's sumthin' pritty fine," sez I; "but I ain't heerd that anybody's gittin' rich at it, an' I can't see as it's goin' ter help 'em any 'bout gittin' ther bread'n butter. Sumbody's got ter do that fur 'em while they're bein' edicated up so fine, fur it's plain they hevn't any time ter 'tend ter sech things, an' it might as well be me as anybody else. Butterflies is good ter look at, but they ain't good fur much fur grubbin', an' the grubbin' has ter be done sumhow." "I don't 'xpect they'd like it ter be called butterflies," sez she. "I don't see's it's out o' the way any,"

sez I; "butterflies ain't nothin' but common caterpillers till they're hatched out inter sumthin' else. If I don't make no complaint 'cause I alers 'xpect ter be a caterpiller I'm sure they needn't at bein' took fur butterflies; tho' I'm free ter say, I'm 'feerd it'll take a long time fur sum of 'em ter hatch out." Jest then sum folks that was settin' in front o' us turned 'round an' scowled at me 'cause I was talkin' so much, so I didn't say nothin' more. I don't know but 'twas the way she red it, but sumhow I couldn't help thinkin' it must be dreffful easy ter 'rite a story while Miss Pansie was readin' hers, an' I wonder'd why more folks doesn't 'rite 'em 'n does. I tho't if I'd bin 'bout twenty year younger, an' was as edicated as folks is now-days, I sh'd a tried a hand at it, an' I was 'most a mind ter as 'twas: but it takes a sight o' larnin' ter string things tergether so's ter make a book or a lecter, an' I ain't no idee I could do it. That evenin' I was readin' in the paper what there was goin' ter be nex' day. The furst thing in the mornin' was the airly lecter; but when I went ter read what 'twas 'bout I couldn't a done it ter save me. When I'd tried sev'ril times I giv' it up an' axed Mandy if she could, an' she red—"Divine Nescience of Future Contingencies a Necessity." (I got the paper arterwards an' 'rote it down jest as

'twas there, so I know I ain't mistak'n 'bout it.)

"What in all nater is that?" sez I. "I'm sure I can't tell," sez she, "but I gess it's sumthin' 'bout futer punishment." "Wal," sez I, "the man that knows 'nough ter pile up all them words an' then tell what they mean is wuth seein'. I jest think I'll go ter that lecter." I hedn't felt like goin' ter any o' the airly lecters 'fore, but I wouldn't a missed that fur nothin'; an' the next mornin' I didn't mor'n haf eat my breakfust fur fear I wouldn't git there in time. Mandy wouldn't go, fur she sed she didn't b'lieve in futer punishment an' didn't want ter hear 'bout it; but I told her I wasn't so big'ted that I wouldn't go ter hear anybody if they didn't b'lieve jest as I did, an' I went off an' left her takin' down her frizzles.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE AIRLY LECTER."

I GESS there was a good many that overslept 'emselves that mornin', fur I don't know what else could hev kep' 'em away if they was as cur'us as I was. 'Twas ruther a slim meetin' as ter numbers, an' they was mostly men at that, but prob'ble the reason was that the wimmin was ter home doin' up the breakfust things. I ain't no dout they would hev injoyed it as much as the men did if they could a gone. I'm certin 'twasn't 'cause I didn't pay 'nough 'tenshun ter that lecter, fur I stretcht my ears till they acked tryin' ter git hold of it; but when I'd bin lis'nin' fifteen minits or so I couldn't a told, if I'd bin goin' ter be hung the nex' minit, what he was drivin' at. I couldn't see as it hed anything ter do with futer punishment or anything else, an' arter a while I got diskurriged an' giv' up tryin' ter find out. I looked 'round ter see how the rest was makin' out, an' I see a good many that looked as if they was as much in the dark as I was. Sum o' them docters an' perfessers an' preachers, likely, could foller him, but 'twas clear they was hevin' ter work

pritty hard ter do it. Bime by I sez ter a man that was settin' next ter me, "Kin ye tell me what he's talkin' 'bout?" He looked 'round an' smiled, an' then sez he, "I gess he's talkin' metyfizics." "What kind o' fizic is that?" sez I, an' at that he went ter laffin' as if he'd shake himself ter peices. I didn't know what there was improper in my axin', seein' he'd called it that, an' it sort o' frustrated me ter hev him laff so. When he got so's he could speak he sez, "It's when a man's talkin' 'bout sumthin' he don't understand an' don't mean anybody else shall." "'Pears ter me there's a deal of it bein' dealed out here," sez I. "I shouldn't wonder if that's what makes it so onhealthy."

Then he went off ter laffin' agin.

When he got sobered down I sez, "I don't know much 'bout metyfizics, as ye call it, but it's my 'pinyun there's lots that don't keer nothin' 'bout what he's sayin', an' would a nashun sight ruther he'd talk 'bout sumthin' they could understand. I'd ruther hear a strait-for'ard gospel sarmun on keepin' the commandmunts an' doin' what the Scripters teach 'n all the metyfizics there is ter Chetauquy." "Well, when I preach I'll try an' make it a gospil sarmun fur ye," sez he, smilin', an' that shet me up, fur I tho't like as not I'd bin talkin' ter one o' them docters that was ter

preach there, an I was mortyfyed 'most ter death ter think I'd spoke so plain. I couldn't a got int'rested in that lecter then, anyway, an' there wasn't no use in stayin'; so soon's I could 'thout anybody's obsarvin' me I slipped out an' started fur home. When I got 'long ter the ampletheter (I sh'd sed the lecter was held in the Hall o' Filosofy) they was hevin' a meetin' there fur the childern, an' I stopped ter see what they was doin'; an' when I'd bin there a few minits I was sorry I hedn't gone there in the furst place, fur there was a good deal ter be learnt there, ev'n fur grown up folks. Docter Vinson was talkin' ter 'em, an' 'twas plain he'd jest got them childern by the ears, so ter speak, an' he didn't let go till he'd give 'em sumthin' ter think of fur a good while.

There wasn't nobody could say he didn't know how ter talk ter childern if he *was* hard on the C. L. S. C's. When he got thru' there was a man (I furgit his name) went ter talkin' an' drawin' picters on a blackboard, an' it beat all nater ter see what a drawer he was. 'Peared as if he didn't hev ter only fix his mind on it an' 'twas wonderful what things he'd make ter show 'em what he was talkin' 'bout. I tho't while I set there if I'd hed so many helps 'bout larnin' when I was young I might hev knowed consider'ble more'n I do. I could

hev staid 'n hour longer easy, but they hed ter stop ter giv' place ter the next meetin'. They'd 'ranged fur so many that day they could hardly git 'em all in, an' if I'd gone ter all of 'em I don't 'xpect I'd be livin' now ter tell it, fur I couldn't go ter more'n two or three a day 'thout feelin' clean tuckered out; 'twas s'prisin' ter me how other folks stood it ter go ter ev'rything so. I don't s'pose I sh'd a minded it so much if I'd alers felt paid fur goin', but I can't say that I did ev'ry time. Like 'nough some'll say I wasn't cap'ble o' jedgin', but it don't take much edicashun ter tell if a body likes a thing. Now the lecter that evenin' was jest ter my mind—"Studies inter human nater" I think they called it—an' 'twas clear that man hed bin studyin' it ter sum 'count, fur he knowed how ter say what he hed ter in a way that was pleasin' ter folks, an' so it didn't take him long ter git on ev'ry-body's right side. He giv' sev'ril lecters while he was there, an' 'cordin' ter my think in' there wasn't nothin' more edyfyin'. I don't know what church he b'longed ter, but from a way he hed o' bringin' up sumwhere where ye wasn't 'xpectin' he would I sh'd a took him ter be a Methodis'. There was one thing that struck me as bein' jest as it should be, an' that was that 'twasn't ever giv' out when a man was ter lecter what church he b'longed

ter, so there couldn't anybody git prejudiced aginst 'em 'forehand. Then agin 'twas as if the melenium hed come, ter see how peace'ble all them 'nominashuns got 'long tergether. I heerd there was as much as a duz'n diff'runt ones there, but ye wouldn't a knowed but what they all b'longed ter one church ter see 'em tergether. There wasn't no quarr'lin' or discussin' doctrinal pints, but that didn't prevent 'em from crackin' pritty sharp jokes on each other when they hed a chance. They'd hold conf'rence meetin's by 'emselves sumtimes, an' 'twas a good deal int'restin' ter go 'round an' find out how the diff'runt churches was gittin' 'long.

The nex' day, when I was readin' in the paper where they was ter hold ther meetin's, I sez ter Mandy, "I don't know's I know what these Congregashunists air that they're talkin' so much 'bout. Be they an orthydox church?" "Oh, yes," sez she, "I gess they ain't much diff'runt from Presbiteryns." "Wal," sez I, "I've heerd a good deal of 'em, but I ain't ever heerd what ther doctrins is, an' I b'lieve I'll go ter ther meetin' this arternoon an' find out what I kin 'bout 'em." Then I went ter lookin' over the names o' folks that was there ter see if that editer hed r'membered ter put mine in', an' sure 'nough there 'twas, all printed out as nateral as life.

I hedn't ever seen myself in print 'fore, an' I must say I liked my looks oncommon well. It struck me that Hartshorn was a pritty high-soundin' name 'longside o' sum there was there, an' I couldn't be thankful 'nough that my name wasn't Smith or Jones, or sumthin' like 'em that ain't noways 'ristercratic. (I don't c'nsider it's anything ter be 'shamed off, if I did cut it out o' the paper an' put it in my pocket-book ter hev it ter look at in futer.)

But I set out ter tell 'bout that Congregashunist meetin'. I was ruther set back when I went ter the place where they was to hold it ter find so many of 'em there. When they come ter count 'em they found there was nineteen diff'runt States repersented, which was sayin' a good deal, considerin' that 'twasn't such a great while ago that there wasn't much known of 'em. I hed no idee they was flourishin' so, an' I didn't know what ter make of it; but when that Docter red his paper—tellin' what they was, an' what they b'lieved—it took me clean off my standin', so ter speak. I 'low I was ruther prejudiced agin 'em on the start, fur I couldn't help feelin' that they wasn't quite orthydox; but when he'd been talkin' a spell I see I'd misjedged 'em; they was orthydox 'nough, tho' they didn't seem ter be o' the same mind

as any other church on all pints, an' I couldn't tell fur the life o' me where ter place 'em. There wasn't noise 'nough in 'em fur Methodis', nur close communyun 'nough fur Baptis'; they wasn't strict 'nough fur Presbiteryns, an' they was too strict fur Unytaryns, an' they hedn't prayer books 'nough fur 'Piscopals, an' 'twasn't easy findin' out where they did b'long. The more he sed the more I got ter understandin' 'em better, an' when he was throu', as true as I'm livin' I'd found out that I'd bin a Congregashunist all my life 'thou't knowin' it! 'Peared he'd got hold o' my vews on most pints, sumhow, an' fixed 'em up so I didn't know 'em at furst; but when it ralely did come ter me that they was the same way o' thinkin' as I was, I declare I was dreffful upset. 'Twas like bein' took up in the body out o' my own home an' set down in a strange house, an' I wasn t well 'nough 'quainted there yit ter know whether I liked it or not; but I see I'd hev ter rekonsile myself ter it, fur sence they was the only church that 'greed with my feelin's 'twas plain 'twas my dooty ter jine 'em. I did a good deal o' thinkin' fur the next two or three hour. I hed my douts 'bout bringin' the Deacon 'round, fur we ain't neither of us ust ter givin' in when we've got our minds made up. I was morally certin he

wouldn't 'prove o' my goin' an' jinin' anuther church, an' it worrid me 'most ter death thinkin' how I could 'range it. I come pritty near wishin' I'd never found out what I was, till I happ'ned ter think there wasn't no Congregashunist church at the Corners, so I couldn't jine 'em anyhow. Then I sed ter myself, I'd hev ter be one in spirrit if I wasn't by name, an' hevin' got that load off my mind I felt 'mazin' r'lieved. I s'pose I'd orter ter say sumthin' 'bout the consert that evenin', but I don't hardly know what ter say.I ain't never bin ter them things much, an' 'twould be nothin' strange if I was out o' my reck'nin' sum in tryin' ter tell 'bout 'em. Everybody sed 'twas "splendid," an' like 'nough 'twas, but I've found folks don't alers 'gree 'bout how splendid things is, an' I don't know no other way 'n ter tell it as it struck me an' let 'em deside fur 'emselves. (I feel more free ter say what I think, 'cause I don't 'xpect ter git any pay fur puffin' anybody, an' that ain't the case off'n when folks is 'ritin' 'bout sech things.) There was sum things I liked, an' sum I didn't. I liked the band playin', fur it beat all the 4th o' Julys an' trainin' days I ever did see. It sounded fur all the wurld as tho' the Declerashun o' Indypendunce, an' Hale Kolumby, an' Cornashun, an' the Doxol'gy, an' lots more

hed all bin shook up tergether an' set ter musick, an' there they was blowin' it out o' them horns as easy as if 'twas soap bubbles.

I liked them jubylee singers too, 'cause they didn't 'pear ter keer so much fur showin' off their voices as they did fur makin' folks understand what they was singin' 'bout. 'Twas clear ev'rybody else liked 'em too, fur ev'ry time they sung, they'd call 'em back agin, as if they'd ruther hear 'em 'n anybody else. I s'pose there was them there that hed spent 'most ther lives an' heaps of money tryin' ter larn how ter sing, an' it must a bin ruther mortyfyin' ter hev the shine all took off of 'em by some black folks. Then there was sum singin' by the korus, as they called it, an' I didn't know whether I liked it or not. I 'low ther singin' was well 'nough if they hedn't acted so, but 'twas 'stonishin' how they did carry on; an' I sh'd a tho't the man that was leadin' 'em would a bin rale vexed at 'em fur behavin' so 'fore folks. Furst, part of 'em would start off ter sing 'fore the rest was ready, an' when they see they was left behind they'd begin an' go chasin' arter the others like all-possest. Bime by they'd ketch up with 'em, an' then they'd all stop ter git breath. Then sum man would git in a hurry an' start off 'lone,

an' the rest would pick it up an' go arter him agin. He'd manige ter keep out o' ther reach fur awhile, an' then he'd let 'em come up with him; then, like as not, jest as they got stiddy wunce more sum woman would go caperin' off an' set 'em all wild agin scamperin' arter her. I got so 'xcited watchin' ter see who was comin' out ahead that I furgot where I was; an' riz up in my seat so's ter see 'em better, but Mandy pulled me down, so I see I'd done sumthin' out o' the way. She an' Marier was laffin', an' I wouldn't say nothin' ter 'em; but I hed my 'pinyun 'bout sech doin's, fur all that. (I've bin readin' over my 'count of it, an' I'm 'feerd I ain't giv' a very good idee o' the way they did, but I can't do no better.) There was sum pritty nice singers 'mong 'em, an' sumtimes two or three would come out an' sing 'lone. I gess prob'ble I sh'd a liked ther singin' if they'd sung Inglish, but I ain't never studdid the langwidges any so I couldn't tell what they was singin' 'bout. When we was goin' home Marier axed me how I liked the consert, an' I sed,"Leavin' out the band playin' an' the jubylee singers, I tho't with a prop'r 'mount o' trainin' the rest of 'em might git ter be good singers arter a while, but they'd hev ter sow sum o' ther wild oats furst." I s'pose she tho't I'd go inter rapters over it,

but I gess she found out I knew 'nough ter know what was proper.

That night there come up the awfulest thunder storm that 'bout ever was. Now I alers was dreffful 'feerd o' thunder an' lightnin'. There's sumthin' so onairthly 'bout it that it jest takes 'way all my fortytood an' I ain't good fur nothin'. I couldn't a bin ter sleep long when it begun, an' I gess the furst clap o' thunder woke me up. There wasn't no sech thing as sleepin' then, fur 'twas furst a flash an' then a crash, an' I 'xpected nothin' but what I'd get struck right there in my bed. I tho't if I was 'twould be a jedgment sent on me fur comin' ter Chetauquy when I was well 'nough off ter home; an' I lay there tremblin' so I shook my front teeth out (they're false ones, tho', so that wasn't nothin' strange) an' wonderin' what would become o' the Deacon if I *should* be took 'way suddin. I never tho't o' so many things all in a few minits 'fore in my life as I did 'twixt them thunder claps. I tho't I wouldn't say nuthin' ter Mandy if I could help it, fur I knowed she was 'most scairt ter death by the way she'd start ev'ry time they'd come. 'Twas rainin' pitchforks, an' pritty soon I heerd sumthin' droppin' an' droppin', an' in a minit there come a big drop right on my nose. 'Fore I could speak Mandy sez, "Oh! Mis

Hartshorn, the tent is leakin' an' the water is comin' down on the bed like ev'rything." I'd bin thinkin' 'bout gittin' out o' there 'fore she spoke, but I shouldn't wonder if I got out a leetle sooner when she sed that; but when I

JEST THEN THERE COME A FLASH O' LIGHTNIN'.

stepped my feet on the floor I stepped 'em inter the water much as a foot deep (I won't say fur certin 'twas quite as deep as that, but I tho't so then, anyhow). Jest then there come a flash o' lightnin' an' a clap o' thunder all ter-

gether that was 'nough ter make anybody's hair stand strait up. "The Lord hev mercy on us! It's bad 'nough ter be drownded 'thout bein' killed by lightnin' too," sez I, duckin' my head under the bed clothes. When it died 'way agin I lifted 'em up a leetle so's ter smell if there was anything like brimstun 'round there. Not smellin' any I took kurrige ter onkiver my head, an' sez I, "If I could git there I sh'd go right strait ter the Ark, fur I know now what it's here fur. It's my 'pinyun Docter Vinson knowed all the time there was anuther delluge comin', an' he went an' hed that built so's them that was in it could go sailin' 'round on top the water while the rest of us was bein' drounded. I think it's jest a burnin' shame he didn't tell folks (as Noer did) what was comin', so they could git ready fur it."

"I don't b'lieve he knowed anything 'bout it," sez she. "I shouldn't be s'prised if they was gittin' a soakin' too." "I sh'd feel better if I tho't they was," sez I; "it don't foller that they're better'n anybody else 'cause they've got in there, an' I hope they'll git treated jest the same as the rest." By that time it begun ter let up a leetle, an' I tho't I'd be safe in gittin' up an' findin' out whether there was any dry land 'round there; but I hedn't more'n got onter my feet 'fore there

come anuther clap, an' if the hull creashun hed broke loose it couldn't a made more 'sturbance. (I 'xpect Mandy'll alers stick ter it that I made a bigger noise'n that thunder did jest 'cause I sed "Heav'ns an' airth!" pritty loud an' jumped back inter bed agin, but if she's a mind ter tell sech onlikely stories she kin. Her 'pinyun ain't wuth mindin' anyway.) I gess it wore itself out on that one fur there wasn't any more of any 'count, but money couldn't a hired me ter 'tempt it agin. I'd hed sech a shakin' up that I didn't sleep much the rest o' the night, but I was so thankful that my life hed bin spared I didn't mind bein' kept 'wake, considerin' what'n 'scape I'd hed; I 'lowed if I ever lived ter git home I'd never resk myself in sech a place agin as long as I lived. When mornin' come we found we'd hed a soakin', sure 'nough. Ev'rything was wet throu' that could be, an' the vittles we hed wasn't fit ter eat. But I felt the wurst 'bout my best bunnit. I'd hung it up where I tho't 'twould be safe, but that thunder storm hed maniged ter find it an' 'twas a sight ter see. I spent 'most all that day fussin' with it an' tryin' ter straiten it up sum, but I couldn't make it look as it did. Mandy sed I missed a good deal by not goin' ter the lecter that mornin', "fur 'twas jest splendid." "What was it 'bout?" sez I.

"The weak places in Ingers'lizm was what the paper called it," sez she. "What is Ingers'lizm I sh'd like ter know?" sez I. "Wy, ain't ye ever heerd o' Mr. Ingers'l?" she axed. "Is he that feller that sez he don't b'lieve in God nor anything?" sez I. "Yes, he's the one," sez she. "An' so they call it Inger s'lizm, do they? Jest as if he was the furst man who ever tho't o' sech a thing!" sez I. "I shouldn't wonder if there was a good deal o' that talk 'way back in Noer's time, only they didn't call it by that name then. I don't see what they're makin' sech a fuss over him fur, anybody kin see he's got weak places 'nough 'thout sumbody's spendin' time ter pint 'em out. He ain't wuth mindin', fur it's more'n prob'ble he's got drefful disappinted sumtime, an' that's why he don't b'lieve in anything. Off'ntimes when men gits ther hearts set on a woman an' can't get her it's the ruinashun of 'em, poor things! It's my 'pinyun he's more desarvin' o' simpathy'n anything else, fur a man's got ter feel pritty bad ter come ter sech a pint as that." "Do you think that's what's the matter with him?" sez she, lookin' a good deal s'prised. "I don't know, but 'twouldn't be 'tall strange if 'twas," sez I. "Then I wish that man hed a knowed it, fur he didn't giv' him a very good settin' out in his lecter," sez she. "'Tain't

alers best ter be too hard on folks till ye know what's made 'em so," sez I; "I don't know what I might a bin if I'd hed a terr'ble trouble sum time." My narves hed bin upset so by that thunder storm that I didn't feel like goin' anywhere, but Mandy set in that I must go an' see the 'luminashuns in the evenin', an' I sh'll alers be glad I did, fur if I hedn't seen nothin' else all the time I was ter Chetauquy I sh'd felt paid fur goin' there; but when it comes ter tellin' 'bout 'em I'm down agin, fur there's sum things that can't be 'rote out on paper an' that was one of 'em; but I 'xpect them that wasn't there'll want ter know sumthin' 'bout it so I'll try an' tell 'em. I don't know as anybody knowed jest what 'twas goin' ter be, only they was all 'xpectin' sumthin' pritty nice, an' they begun goin' down ter the landin' long 'fore 'twas dark, an' in a short spell there was sech a crowd all 'long the shore that there wasn't much standin' room left. Sum of 'em must a stood two or three hour, fur they didn't begin ther 'xercises (I don't know what else ter call 'em) till 'twas consider'ble late, an' I gess 'twas gittin' towards midnight 'fore they got throu'; but I kal'late they'd all staid till the last thing, if they'd bin 'xpectin' ter drop the next minit.

Fur awhile there wasn't nothin' ter be seen but lots o' little boats flyin' 'round with

torches fixed on ter 'em. If they'd all bin goin' in a strait line 'twould a looked a good deal like them torchlight perceshuns they hev so much now-a-days, but they went scuddin' 'cross, an' up an' down, an' ev'ry which way, so's there wasn't no makin' anything out of 'em only ter say they looked rale pritty. But when it hed got as dark as 'twas goin' ter them big boats come puffin' up the lake, one arter anuther, all lit up from one end ter tuther with colored lanterns, an' a grander sight nobody ever see. 'Peared as if each one hed tried ter outdo all the rest in ther 'luminashuns, fur ev'ry one seemed ter look more butiful than the one 'fore it; an' 'twasn't no wonder that as fast as they come in sight that hull 'sembly cheered 'nough ter split ther —it's throat, ter speak properly. When they'd all got there they 'ranged 'emselves 'long in front o' the landin' so's folks could see 'em, an' then ev'rybody went ter sayin' which they tho't looked the nicest. The one *I* liked best hed a great star made o' colored lights fixed up 'bove the boat sumhow, so's it made it look as if 'twas standin' jest 'bove it. There was others that I'd like ter 'scribe, but 'tain't no use tryin', fur I couldn't make no sech picter of it as 'twas. Prob'ble ev'rybody'd tho't 'twas as grand as it could be if there hedn't bin nothin' more, but when they

went ter sendin' up fireworks on the boats it seemed as if they never would find words to 'xpress 'emselves with. Now I ain't one o' the gushin' kind. When there ain't nothin' that kin be sed I alers feel like keepin' still. Words is good 'nough fur most things, but there is times when I wouldn't giv' much fur a hull dickshunary full of 'em. But sum folks has ter let ther feelin's out or they'd burst. There was a young woman standin' near me, an' ev'ry time one o' them rockets would go shootin' inter the air an' then break ter pieces in stars an' come floatin' down as if the heav'ns was fallin', she'd clap her hands an' say, "Oh, ain't that jest too sweet fur anything?" I su'pose that was the nearest she could git ter 'xpressin' herself 'bout it, but it wouldn't a struck me that way.

Men is sech conseted bein's that 'twon't do ter flatter 'em up much, but I'll giv' 'em credit fur one thing, an' that is that they don't ever git so carried 'way with anything as ter call it "too sweet fur anything," or "per-feck-ly love-ly," or anything like that. But that ain't sayin' they alers say sumthin' proper. Now that editer, in tellin' 'bout it in his paper next day, sed it looked as if the gods was holdin' a dance, an' I tho't he'd orter be 'shamed fur usin' sech perfane langwidge. Mebbe he meant sum o' them heath'n gods

they tell 'bout, but 'tain't no ways likely they ever tho't o' dancin', an' if I couldn't a sed sumthin' more 'propriate'n that I wouldn't a sed nothin'.

Wal, as I sed, it was wuth goin' a good ways ter see, but when I red in the paper the next mornin' that Mr. Cook (I sh'd say Docter Cook) from Bostin was goin' ter speak in the arternoon, I sed ter myself that 'luminated fleet, as they called it, wasn't wuth notisin'. Now I've alers wanted ter go ter Bostin ever sence I was big 'nough ter know there was sech a place. Nex' ter goin' ter Heav'n itself I don't know of anything I'd 'njoy more, fur I ain't no dout it's nex' door ter Paradice. But I giv' up all hopes o' ever goin' there a good while ago, an' then I sed if I could only see sumbody that lived there I'd die more contented, an' now ter think here was a chance right 'fore me, 'thout my lookin' fur it, was what might be called a mericle!—anyway, 'twas plain 'twas providenshul. I didn't feel no smitin's of conshunse for puttin' on my black silk dress that day, fur I tho't I'd never hev more 'cashun. I *did* feel ruther 'shamed o' my bunnit tho', fur it looked as if 'twasn't showin' him proper r'spect ter wear sech a lookin' thing; but there wasn't no other way, an' I had ter make the best of it. I could hardly wait till 'twas

time ter go, an' I kep' hurryin' Mandy up so she got sort o' vexed an' sez she, "I don't see what ye're in sech a hurry fur. I reckon ye'll see him jest the same if ye ain't there the furst one." "There ain't never anything lost by bein' in time," sez I; "an' I wouldn't miss hevin' a good seat ter-day fur all creashun." (I 'xpect she'd spend jest so much time fixin' if she was goin' ter die, but she hed ter cut it short that time or I wouldn't a waited fur her.) We *did* git there airlier 'n was necessary, but I didn't mind waitin' when I hed a good seat an' could watch folks. I couldn't help notisin' while I set there what a diff'runce there is in folks 'bout waitin'. Sum'll wriggle an' twist an' look at ther watches ev'ry few minites, an' they'll manige ter set ev'rybody 'round 'em in a fidgit 'fore they git throu'; then there's them that'll jest set an' fan 'emselves as contented as a bumble bee in a field o' clover, an' ye'd never gess they was waitin'. I kal'late the last ones git 'long the most comfert'ble, fur I've found 'tain't no use tryin' ter hurry things in this wurld; they'll go 'long 'bout so anyhow, an' anybody's likely ter hev trouble that goes ter meddlin' with 'em. They didn't begin ther meetin' till 'twas time, fur all anybody's bein' in a hurry. I got in a fidgit myself sum waitin', but when Docter Vinson come out an' interduced

Docter Cook an' I wunce got my eyes on him I furgot ev'rything else pritty quick, fur I don't think I was ever set back so in my life.

Now I alers hed an idee that Bostin folks hed ter work so hard ter cultervate ther brains that it kind o' stunted ther growth, an' they never got ter be the same size as other folks, so I was 'xpectin' ter see a lean, hungry-lookin' feller, with a tremenjus big head on top a mighty leetle body, an' when I see a whoppin' great man come out there, lookin' as if he'd been ust ter eatin' three square meals a day all his life, it jest knocked my kal'lashuns inter nowhere. Not but what his head wasn't big 'nough,—it hed ter be pritty big ter hold all he knowed,—but he wasn't noways behind otherways, an' I couldn't do nothin' but wonder how he ever got a chance ter grow so. I sed ter myself things never turned out 'cordin' ter our 'xpectashuns in this wurld, an' like as not I'd find out he didn't live in Bostin; but the furst thing he sed knocked that idee all ter pieces too, fur he bro't in sumthin' 'bout Plymoth Rock, an' as that's the rock Bostin's built on I knowed he must a come from there. I hedn't heerd what he was ter talk 'bout, but he hedn't got fur 'fore I found out; an' he come near takin' 'way my breath, fur I see he

b'longed ter the same church I did, or ruther that I should when I got where I could jine one. An' that wasn't all; the Pilgrims an' all them that come over in the Mayflower was Congregashunists too—that is ter say, they would a bin if they'd knowed what ter call 'emselves. I declare if I'd found out I was r'lated ter Queen Victory an' all her fam'ly I couldn't a bin more set up 'n I was then. I didn't feel as if I ever wanted ter go back ter the Corners ter live agin. It alers was a leetle, snipped up place, and the sosity ain't no ways what would be called s'lect, an' I tho't if I could only go sumwhere where I could go inter cultered sosity an' be more 'presheated it would be more ter my mind. Wal, I needn't say I liked that lecter. There was sum things I couldn't quite understand, 'speshally that 'bout Calvinizm, fur I couldn't quite make out whether Congregashunists was Calvinists or not; but I tho't mebbe he was givin' 'em sum o' them metyfizics that man was tellin' me 'bout, only he'd sugar-coated 'em so they didn't taste bad. When the meetin' was out I told Mandy I was goin' up ter git an interducshun ter him, but she sed likely he didn't keer ter git 'quainted with ev'rybody, if he was from Bostin. I gess I sh'd a gone tho' fur all that if I hedn't happ'ned ter think o' my bunnit; but that held me

back, for I tho't likely he'd make up his mind 'bout my standin' from my 'pearance, an' I wasn't goin' ter hev my 'spectabilty damiged on 'count o' my bunnit, so I didn't go. When we was goin' home I told Mandy I'd go 'round by the bak'ry an' git sum bread, seein' we hedn't any. I found as big a crowd there as ever, all tryin' ter git what they wanted furst. 'Twas a good deal 'musin' ter hear 'em call fur things, an' ter see how out o' pashunce they'd git if they couldn't hev 'em right off. 'Twas, "I want sum bread." "How much is them cakes?" "Give me sum o' them beans." "Got any crackers?" "How d'ye sell yer pies?" an' it kep' them fellers steppin' pritty lively. Things went off like a snowdrift in July, but they bro't on more jest as fast, an' 'twas a wonder ter me where it all come from. They must a bin rale good-natered or they'd got vexed at bein' spoke ter so; but I 'xpect they'd got ust ter it. There was a woman standin' pritty near me, an' ev'ry time one o' the men that was waitin' on 'em come near 'nough she'd say, "I want two loaves o' bread." "In a minit," sez one o' 'em. "Ye've bin sayin' in a minit for the last haf hour," sez she, pritty sharp. "I'd like ter hev ye understand I'm in a hurry."

He laffed an' giv' her the bread, an' she went off lookin' cross 'nough ter bite sumbody.

I tho't if she'd bin more perlite mebbe she'd got waited on sooner, an' I sed I'd see if I couldn't do better; so when I hed a chance I stepped up ter the counter an' sez very r'spectful, "If ye please, will ye be kind 'nough ter let me hav a loaf o' bread an' a duzzen o' them cakes?" He didn't pay no 'tenshun ter me, but went on waitin' on sumbody else. Thinkin' he didn't hear me I axed him agin, but he didn't take no more notis o' me that time than he did 'fore. I waited a minit or so an' then I sed it agin consider'ble louder, fur I tho't mebbe he was hard o' hearin'. He looked 'round then an' went ter puttin' up a lot o' biskits. "I don't want no biskits," sez I, "I want sum bread." He nodded at me but didn't make no move ter git it. By that time my pashunce was wore out, an' I spoke up an' sez, "How long's it goin' ter take ye ter git that bread fur me?" "Jest as soon as I kin git 'round ter it, ma'm," he sez. "We can't wait on ev'rybody ter wunst." When he'd giv' the biskits ter a man that was waitin' fur 'em he come 'long an' sez he, "What was it ye wanted?" "I want a loaf o' bread an' a duzzen o' them cakes," sez I, speakin' ruther shorter'n I ushully do. That time he maniged ter git it throu' his head an' got 'em fur me, an' when I'd paid him I went 'way, sayin' ter myself

that perliteness was well 'nough fur sum 'cashuns, but there was times when it could be 'spensed with. Fur sum reason I wasn't feelin' as tired as I did sumtimes, an' I tho't I'd go ter the meetin' in the evenin'. When I was waitin' at the bak'ry I heerd a man say that Perfesser sumbody was goin' ter show 'em what invenshuns was bein' diskivered now'days, an' I made up my mind that was sumthin' I'd be int'rested in. I axed Mandy 'bout it, an' she sed she b'lieved he was goin' ter talk throu' a telefone ter 'em. "A telefone," sez I; "is that one o' them new-fangled things the papers has hed so much ter say 'bout lately?" "I gess 'tis," sez she. "Humph!" sez I, "I ain't much of 'n 'pinyun of 'em!" "Why," sez she, "hev ye ever seen one of 'em?" "No," sez I, "but I don't b'lieve there's any sech thing as talkin' so loud as ter be heerd miles off." "Well, they pertend ter say it kin be done," sez she, "an' I don't know as 'twould be any more strange 'n a good many other things they've found out." "Wal, there can't nobody make me b'lieve that, anyhow, fur it's agin all nater," sez I.

It hed bin giv' out as a lecter, an' he giv' that furst, so's ter open the way fur what he was goin' ter show 'em. Arter he'd bin talkin' awhile 'bout what he sed sience was doin' fur us, he told 'em he'd got a telefone

there, an' he was goin' ter speak ter a man in Westfield an' tell him ter play a piece on a horn so we could hear it. "Jest as if anybody'll b'lieve that!" sez I. "Why, that's more'n twenty mile from here!" "Sh!" sez Mandy, nudgin' me ter keep still; so I shet my mouth an' opened my eyes instid, an' I sed ter myself I'd watch things pritty sharp, but all creashun shouldn't make me open my mouth agin.

There was sumthin' standin' on a table that I couldn't see very well, an' he put his mouth down ter it an' sez "Hello, there!" Then he sed if they was rale still they'd hear 'em anser pritty soon; so they set an' held ther breaths as hard as they could, but there didn't no anser come. Then he called out agin ter 'em, "Hello, there!" an' when they'd waited a few minits there was sum kind o' noise, an' he axed it if 'twas from Westfield.

Nobody could hear what it sed, but he made out he did, fur he sez, "I want ye ter play a piece in the telefone so's we kin hear it here ter Chetauquy," an' then ev'rybody kep' as still as death so's ter hear it, an' 'twas wonderful that all that crowd *could* keep so still; there must a bin sev'ril thousan' of 'em, but ye couldn't hear so much as a whisper.

When they'd waited awhile an' didn't hear

nothin' they begun ter git res'les sum, an' then the Perfesser called inter the telefone an' axed 'em what was they waitin' fur.

There didn't nobody anser him, so he sez "Hello, there!" agin.

I gess sumbody must a sed "Hello" ter him, fur then he told 'em ter hurry 'cause we was waitin' fur 'em; so folks was still agin fur a spell, but there didn't nothin' come, an' so he went ter helloin' at 'em sum more an' told 'em what he wanted 'em ter do.

Bime by there was a noise that sounded sumthin' like a cluckin' hen, an' he told us it sed the man in Westfield hed gone ter git his horn (cornit, the Perfesser called it).

There was a good deal o' laffin' then, fur it looked as if we wasn't likely ter hear anything right away, an' I gess sum'd tho't he'd bin foolin' 'em all 'long if he hedn't 'peared ter be so in airnest.

Arter he'd waited what he tho't was long 'nough he axed the man at the other end if he was ready, but he couldn't git nothin' out o' him.

I shouldn't wonder if he couldn't find his cornit, an' didn't want ter say so; anyway, he wouldn't anser all the helloin' the Perfesser did ter him, an' if I'd 'xpressed what I tho't 'bout that time I sh'd a sed there was a big humbug lyin' 'round there sumwhere.

But he wasn't goin' ter giv' it up yit, so he called ter a man in Mayville.

'Twasn't more'n a minit 'fore he ansered, an' this time there wasn't no denyin' that sumbody was talkin' throu' it, fur them that was settin' near could hear it fur 'emselves. I'd hed my s'pishuns all 'long that there wasn't nothin' in it, but when I heerd that I hed ter giv' in, an' I 'lowed there was sumthin' 'bout it past my findin' out. I couldn't see how in the wurld 'twas done, an' no 'mount of 'xplainin' could a made it clear ter me; but as cur'us as 'twas, that air fonergraf he hed left it way behind.

When he sed he was goin' ter talk ter it an' then it would tell over what he sed I spoke right out, 'fore I tho't, ter Mandy, an' sez I, "That's a likely story! I don't perfess ter be 'xtryord'nary smart, but I hope I've got sense 'nough ter know what kin be done an' what can't, an' I can't be made ter swallow sech a li—bil as that."

"Don't speak so loud," sez she, "sumbody'll hear ye." "I reckon likely they will," sez I; "if I hedn't meant sumbody sh'd hear me I shouldn't a sed nothin'."

I see I'd mortyfied her agin, so I shet my mouth up tighter 'n ever, an' I sed next time I sed anything I'd bite my tongue off.

Wal, he went ter talkin' inter sort of a

trumpit, an' then he took hold of a little crank like an' wound it up, an' then, as true as I'm 'ritin' 'bout it, if that consarned thing didn't go an' tell all he'd sed ter it.

At furst I wouldn't b'lieve 'twas that a talkin.' I'd bin thinkin' mebbe he was one o' them—I don't know what ye call 'em—fellers that go 'round playin' tricks on folks by talkin' with ther mouths shet so's ter make it sound as tho' 'twas sumbody else, an' I tho't he was doin' the talkin' an' pertendin' 'twas that fonergraf; but when I'd heerd it a minit or two I see I was 'rong agin, fur there wasn't no human bein' that ever hed sech a voice as that hed.

'Twasn't like anything I ever heerd 'fore, an' I tho't if it hed come out o' the grave itself it couldn't a sounded any more supernat'ral.

I shouldn't bin a bit s'prised if I'd seen a gost comin' up out of it, an' I wouldn't hev stood as near ter it as he did fur nothin'; but he didn't 'pear ter be any 'feerd of it. Mebbe he tho't sumbody'd be thinkin' as I did, fur he wanted sumbody else ter come an' talk ter it; so a man went an' sed the Lord's prayer inter it. (I s'pose he couldn't think o' nothin' else, but sumhow it put me in mind o' them heath'n way off in Injy sayin' ther prayers ter sech things, only I don't s'pose

they've got any fonergrafs there ter say 'em ter.)

Then one o' the band players went an' played a piece ter it, and when he'd wound it up agin it begun an' sed the Lord's prayer throu', an' quick as it sed Amen it went ter playin' Yankee Doodle! I couldn't a held in then if it hed bin ter save me, an' I spoke up an' sez, "That's what I sh'd call next thing ter swearin'. I think it's jest wicked ter go ter teachin' that mashene ter do sech things. The Lord never made anything but folks ter talk, an' when they go ter settin' 'emselves up in oppersishun ter him an' makin' dum critters say things it looks ter me as if they was flyin' in the face o' the Almighty, an' they'd orter git ther desarts fur bein' so persumin'."

I was so roused up I s'pose I spoke louder'n I meant ter, fur I see sev'ril laffin', an' I gess like 'nough they heerd me.

There was a woman settin' next ter me, an' she seemed ter be drefful tickled at what I sed. When she stopped laffin' she sez, "P'raps folks kin make 'em useful sumway an' then 'twon't be so wicked."

"That's the wurst of it," sez I. "Ev'rybody'll be wantin' one, an' the next thing we know they'll be makin' 'em so's they kin walk, an' then folks'll be sendin' 'em 'round ter do

ther callin' fur 'em. Nice I'd feel ter hev one o' them ongainly things stalkin' inter my settin'-room! They may call it sience if they want ter, but *I* say it's 'cause they want ter shirk out o' doin' what the Lord intended 'em ter by makin' sumthin' else ter do it fur 'em. When I git too lazy ter do my own talkin' I want ter die."

While I'd bin talkin' he'd axed one o' the jubylee singers ter sing ter it, so he come an' sung a piece 'bout laffin', tellin' how good 'twas ter laff, an' how folks orter laff more. Then he went ter work ter show 'em how, an' I declare if he didn't laff clear down inter his boots! I gess folks tho't he meant fur 'em ter go ter practisin' right off, fur they all went at it as hard as they could, 'thout waitin' fur him ter stop; but there couldn't any of 'em laff as he did, an' when they see he'd beat' em they tried it over agin. They hed ter giv' up that time, tho', that they couldn't do it as it orter be done—not that they didn't try hard 'nough, but sumhow they couldn't git hold of it as he did.

Then that air fonergraf went ter work ter show 'em what it could do at it. They'd got pritty quiet agin when it begun, but when that outlandish thing went ter squawkin' out sumthin' that wasn't no more like a laff'n the croakin' of a frog is like thunder, they didn't

stop with laffin'—they jest roared! 'Tween 'em both it looked as if that jubylee'd hev ter haul in his colers. He 'peared ter 'njoy it, tho', an' laffed as hard as any of 'em, fur I gess he see there wasn't no danger o' that thing ever bein' a success in tryin' ter imertate him. I shouldn't wonder if the Perfesser was ruther 'shamed of it fur makin' sech a noise, fur he didn't ax it ter do anything more.

Wal, I was drefful sorry I went that evenin', fur I got wro't up so in my feelin's over it that I like ter never got ter sleep, an' when I did that plagey thing was chasin' me all the time—that is ter say, in my dreams.

Wunce I got things a good deal mixed up, an' I dreamt Docter Cook hed got one of 'em ter do his preachin' fur him an' was sendin' it round holdin' Congregashunist meetin's, but I was so prejudised agin it that I wouldn't go near 'em.

I didn't dout but what 'twas sound 'nough on the doctrins (I knowed he wouldn't send it 'nless 'twas), but I didn't feel like givin' my count'nance ter sech doin's. I woke up long 'fore mornin', but I wasn't in any frame o' mind ter go ter sleep agin, an' while I lay there tossin' 'round an' waitin' fur it ter come I made up my mind that too much sience on the brains was as bad as too much vittles on the stumick when it come ter dijestin' 'em,

an' like as not I'd be gittin' the dispepshy if I wasn't more keerful 'bout overloadin' 'em so.

When Mandy woke up I told her I tho't I'd hed all I wanted ter of Chetauquy an' I gessed I'd go home that day. "Fact is," sez I, "there's sumthin' goin' on here all the time ter agertate my narves so that I shan't never git settl'd down agin, an' the sooner I git out of it the better off I'll be."

O' course she set up that I mustn't go. "Ye ain't 'bleeged ter go ter ev'rything if ye don't want ter," sez she, "but there's sum things comin' ye'll want ter be here ter, an' ye'll alers be sorry if ye don't stay. There's a woman goin' ter lecter here this even-in', an' sum more ter-morrer, an' I gess ye'll miss sumthin' wuth hearin' if ye go." "I ain't likely ter stay fur that," sez I, "fur I hevn't much 'pinyun o' wimmin's lecterin', anyhow. If they'd lecter ther husbands more ter home, as Paul told 'em ter, there wouldn't be no call fur 'em ter speak ther minds in publick." "I didn't know as Paul told 'em ter lecter ther husbands," sez she, lookin' at me ruther s'prised. "Mebbe not in jest so many words," sez I, "but he was well 'nough 'quainted with 'em ter know they desarved it, an' it's my b'lief that's what he meant."

Arter all, I tho't I'd ruther like ter hear what they hed ter say, an' then agin it might

look ter the deacon as if I wasn't 'njoyin' myself as much as I'd made out if I sh'd go home now. On the hull, I sed ter myself, it might be better ter stay till 'twas out, seein' I didn't 'xpect I'd ever be there agin, an' as she sed, I wasn't 'bleeged ter go ter ev'rything if I didn't want ter. So I told her that sence I'd bought a ticket ter stay till 'twas out I didn't see but what I'd hev ter, anyway. Then we went ter talkin' 'bout where ter go that day, an' we sed we wouldn't go ter meetin's any, but we'd go down ter the landin', 'cause 'twas cooler there, an' make ourselves as comfert'ble as we could.

CHAPTER X.

OUR DINNER AT THE EATIN' HOUSE.

THE weather hed got so warm there wasn't much comfert ter be took anywhere, but with the refreshin' breeze there was blowin' off the lake we found 'twas a good deal more 'njoyable'n bein' packed in that ampletheter. On our way there we hed ter go past the place where they was roastin' peanuts, an' they smelled so temptin' that I stopped an' bought sum. "I don't s'pose Docter Vinson would think 'twas proper ter eat 'em," sez I ter Mandy, "but as long as I ain't a C. L. S. C. he can't say nothin'."

We found an easy-lookin' seat fixed up aginst a tree as nat'ral as if it growed there, an' so we set down 'thout waitin' ter be invited, an' eat our peanuts an' watched folks comin' an' goin', an' 'twasn't long 'fore my head begun ter feel lighter'n it did when I was groanin' beneeth that load o' si—ence.

When the furst boat went off I tho't certin ev'rybody was goin' 'way, but the next one that come bro't as many more, an' 'twas jest so all the time, only I gess sum days there was

more come than went. It must a bin a good deal confusin' ter them men that took the money, fur they couldn't let anybody in till they paid fur goin' in, or anybody out till they'd found out whether they'd staid longer'n they'd paid fur. I don't see how they ever maniged ter keep things strait, but they was 'mazin' sharp, an' if anybody undertook ter deseeve 'em they'd be sure ter find it out. They hed ter be good natered 'bout it, too, fur sum would find fault an' act as tho' they wasn't bein' treated right, an' they hed ter be pleasant ter all of 'em, an' 'xplain things so nobody'd think they was bein' imposed on.

There was sum more ruther sharp-set folks there, tho'.

Jest 'fore one o' the boats started there was a woman come hurryin' down ter the gate, lookin' as tho' sh'd run 'most all the way. She giv' her ticket ter the man that stood there ter take 'em an' was fur goin' right on, but he stopped her an' sez, "Here, you can't go out on this ticket!" "Why not can't I?" sez she. "'Cause it's only good fur three days, an' this is the fourth day sence you got it." "Wal, ain't I goin' 'way as fast as I kin?" sez she. "I ain't bin here all day yit." "That don't make any diff'runce," sez he, smilin'. "Ye'll hev ter pay jest the same." "D'ye mean ter say I've got ter pay jest as much fur bein' here a little

while this mornin' as I would ter stay all day?" sez she. "Yes, ma'm," sez he, "that's our rule." "Then I gess I'll stay till night so's ter git the wuth o' my money," sez she, an' back she went. I s'pose she tho't she was too much fur him that time, but 'tain't likely he keerd anything 'bout it.

Sumhow that pint was a great 'tracshun ter folks, fur there was alers sights of 'em sittin' 'round or walkin' up an' down. I notised they was mostly young men an' wimmin, an' I tho't 'twould bin better fur 'em if they'd jine them C. L. S. C.'s an' try 'n improve 'emselves instid o' gaddin' 'round so.

One thing struck me as sing'ler, an' that was how fur young wimmin kin stand it ter walk when they've got ther good clothes on an' want ev'rybody ter see 'em. I kal'late sum of 'em must a walked 'bout three miles back an' forth one way'n anuther, an' they didn't look very strong neither. Mebbe that wasn't what made all of 'em do it, fur sum looked as if they was huntin' fur sumbody—p'raps 'twas ther fathers.

Wal, we staid there all the mornin', an' when 'twas time fur dinner I felt a good deal more like eatin' than I would if I'd hed ter take a dose o' metyfizics 'forehand; but 'twas 'nough ter take 'way anybody's appetite ter think o' goin' so fur as we'd hev ter, an' then

fryin' over the stove ter git it. We didn't neither o' us feel like doin' it, an' so Mandy set in that we should go ter the eatin'-house an' git our dinner.

I didn't fall in with it at furst, fur it looked ter me a good deal 'xtravagunt; but I couldn't help thinkin' that '*twould* be a comfert ter hev a good meal o' vittles 'thout the trouble o' gittin' 'em. I argyed the matter in my mind a spell an' I sed 'twasn't offen I was guilty o' spendin' money in that way, but now sarcumstances ruther justyfied it, so ter speak, an' as long's 'twas my money that paid fur it nobody hed any bisness ter find any fault. So I told Mandy we'd do it.

We got there 'fore the crowd did, but as soon's the meetin' was out ter the amplethe-ter they come pourin' in till there wasn't room fur any more, an' I begun ter feel shaky 'bout our gittin' anything ter eat, fur I tho't they couldn't possible feed 'em all.

There wasn't skeercely anything on the tables 'xceptin' sum bread'n butter an' crackers, an' I 'lowed we'd done better if we'd gone home.

When they'd all got set down them waiters went ter flyin' 'round an' axin' ev'rybody what they wanted, an' then they'd go off sumwhere an' git it fur 'em. Sech sights an' sights o' vittles as they hed there I never see

'fore. They didn't 'pear ter git out o' anything, but kept bringin' on whatever anybody called fur as if there wasn't no end o' things, an' 'twas a wonder ter me how in the wurld they found out 'forehand what folks would want so's ter hev it ready cooked fur 'em. There was so many things anybody could hev that I didn't hardly know what ter call fur when they come ter me, but I fin'lly sed I'd hev sum pork an' beans an' taters. "Why didn't ye take sumthin' ye can't git ter home?" sez Mandy. "I kin git 'nough o' sech things there. I'm goin' ter hev sum frickaseed chicken." "What kind of a chicken's that?" sez I. "I don't know jest how they cook it," sez she, "but I eat sum ter Marier's party an' 'twas splendid."

I was most sorry I didn't hev sum too, but when I'm right hungry there ain't nothin' kin take the place o' pork an' beans, an' I'd ruther hev 'em 'n all the fixin's I know of.

When they bro't what we told 'em Mandy put sum o' that chicken on my plate, 'cause she sed there was more'n she could eat. As soon's I'd tasted o' it I sez, "That ain't nothin' but fried chicken!" "No," sez she, "'tain't fried, it's the French way o' cookin' it." "French fiddlesticks!" sez I. "Ye may call it any name ye're a mind ter, it's fried chicken jest the same. I gess I'd orter

know, as many times as I've cooked it that way. It's gittin' so now'days things ain't tho't ter be r'spect'ble eatin' 'nless they've got a French name ter 'em." "They make sum nice things there, anyhow," sez she. "Wal, pork an' beans an' sech things as I've alers bin ust ter eatin' is good 'nough fur me," sez I, "I've lived an' thrived on 'em all my life, an' I kal'late they'll do fur me yit a spell."

While I was eatin' I notised a woman (I s'pose she called herself a lady) settin' oppersit ter me that didn't seem ter be able ter git anything she could eat. She kept callin' fur things, but when they was bro't ter her she'd jest taste 'em an' then push 'em 'way, an' pritty soon she sez ter the man that was with her (I gess 'twas her husband), "There ain't nothin' here fit ter eat. I wish I'd staid ter home!" He 'peared ter be rale anxshus ter find sumthin' she'd like, but she found fault with ev'rything there was there, an' I tho't she must a bin ust ter hevin' an uncommon good livin' ter home ter be so hard ter suit, fur there was ev'rything a body could think of, an' 'twas cooked nice, too. I hedn't seen 'em bring her any beans, an' it struck me mebbe sum would taste good ter her. I tho't 'twouldn't be nothin' more'n perlite ter offer her sum, anyway, so I reached 'em over ter her an' sez, "Mebbe ye'd like sum beans.

They're rale nourishin' if a body don't feel well." My! sech a look as she giv' me! If I'd offered her a dish o' rattlesnakes she couldn't a looked more horryfied. "Thank ye," sez she, as freezin' as an icycle, "I never

"THEY'RE RALE NOURISHIN' IF A BODY DON'T FEEL WELL."

eat 'em." "I don't 'xpect they'd hurt ye any," sez I, "'nless ye've got the dyspepshy; if ye hev they might be too heavy fur ye." She giv' me anuther freezin' look, but she didn't anser me, so I didn't say nothin' more ter her,

fur I tho't she felt cross-grained 'bout sumthin'. I couldn't help feelin' sorry fur her husband, fur she snapped him up pritty short sev'ril times, an' I gess he didn't hev a very comfert'ble time if she alers acted so.

I didn't notis her much more, tho', fur my 'tenshun was took up jest then by a cupple o' young preachers that sat near by. I knowed they was preachers by ther looks, an' then agin by ther eatin' so much—preachers is alers sech a hungry set; 'twas a wonder ter me how they got a chance ter talk any, fur the way things went out o' sight inter ther mouths was 'stonishin'.

If they'd bin sat'sfyed with eatin' vittles there wouldn't a bin no harm done, but they was talkin' 'bout a lecter they'd heerd since they come there, an' 'fore they got throu' they'd eat it up, figgertively speakin', as clean as they hed ev'rything else. I don't think I'd better say whose 'twas, fur if he should ever happin ter read this it might make him feel bad; but 'twas a pity he hedn't axed 'em 'bout it 'fore he giv' it, fur he'd bin s'prised ter find how much more they knowed 'bout it 'n he did, or anybody else fur that matter. When I'd heerd 'em a spell I made up my mind I hedn't seen anybody 'fore wuth menshunin'. I couldn't think who they could be, fur I didn't rec'lect readin' 'bout 'em in the paper or

hearin' them lecter, tho' anybody could see they was cap'ble o' lecterin' on anything if they'd bin invited. I knowed Docter Vinson would a bin glad ter git 'em ter do sumthin' if he'd heerd they was there, if 'twas only ter set on the platform. There was lots there that wasn't haf so desarvin' o' notis, an' 'twasn't no wonder they felt ruther edgeways.

There was a man set the other side o' me that I gess was as much int'rested as I was in lis'nin' ter 'em, fur he looked a good deal pleased. Bime by I sez ter him, "Them fellers 'pear ter hev a heap o' larnin' tucked 'way in ther heads. I gess they're C. L. S. C.'s, ain't they?" He looked at me sort o' funny an' then he sez, "They b'long ter one C. L. S. C." "I didn't know's there was more'n one," sez I. "Oh, yes, there's two of 'em," sez he, "only one is the C. L. S. C. an' the other is the C. L. C. S. Ye see they hev ter change the letters a little so's ter tell 'em apart, but it sounds just as well." "I don't see any use'n hevin' two," sez I. "That's so's ter 'comerdate ev'rybody," sez he; "anybody kin b'long ter the C. L. S. C. that wants ter, but there's only a few kin b'long ter the C. L. C. S. There can't any of the C. L. S. C.'s jine 'em, 'cause they ain't fur 'nough 'vanced yit."

He looked as tho' he was holdin' back a

joke, an' I tho't he was waitin' fur me ter help him let it out, so I sez, "I ain't never heerd what them letters stood fur yit; if ye kin tell me I'd be proper glad ter find out." "Certingly," sez he, smilin' all over, "C. L. S. C. stands fur "Chetauquy Lit'rary an' Sientifick Circle.'" "Well sed," sez I. "'Pears ter me they're a good deal top heavy. No wonder they look so wore out, hevin' ter carry sech a load as that! Now what's the other one?" He waited a minit an' then he sez, "C. L. C. S. stands fur 'Chetauquy Lib'ral Criticizm Sosiety.'" "That ain't much better as I kin see," sez I; "now what be they fur?" "The furst one is fur ter study an' read all they kin so's ter improve 'emselves, an' the other is ter see all they kin ter critisize, an' it giv's 'em all plenty ter do. Ye see when anybody s larned all there is ter larn in this wurld there ain't nothin' left fur 'em but ter go ter critisizin' other folks, an' them C. L. S. C.'s has got ter wait a good many year 'fore they git there."

"Did Docter Vinson git 'em both up?" sez I. "No," sez he, "I don't s'pose he knows anything 'bout the last one; he couldn't b'long ter it anyway, fur he don't b'lieve in critisizin' folks." "Wal, if this don't beat all the places I ever went ter," sez I. "When I set out ter come here I s'posed I was comin' ter a camp-

meetin'; arter I got here I heerd 'twas a Sunday-school 'sembly, an' now I've found out 'tain't neither of 'em. I shouldn't be much s'prised if I was ter hear 'twas sumthin' else 'fore I go 'way."

He laffed, an' sez he, "I gess it's all of 'em put inter one." "Must be then that's the Chetauquy idee I heerd 'em talkin' 'bout," sez I. "Egsactly," sez he, "only we've told it in less words 'n they do." By that time we hed finished eatin' an' was ready ter go, so I didn't hev time ter say any more. I would liked ter hev axed sum more questyuns, but I was glad I'd found out as much as I hed, fur I could see inter sum things better 'n I could 'fore. I tho't I'd like ter b'long ter that C. L. C. S. It's so much easier criticizin' other folks 'n 'tis ter do what they're doin', an' then, 'sides, it giv's a body sort of a standin', an' makes folks think ye know sumthin' whether ye do or not.

Now if anybody don't know much it's a rale satisfackshun ter make other folks think ye do, an' it's a great blessin' ter know how ter do it. It kind a takes the place of an edicashun, an' I hed an idee that if I b'longed ter it mebbe 'twould be a good deal o' sarvis ter me,—not that I consider myself cap'blė o' jedgin' alers. I'm free ter say there's sum things I don't feel like givin' my 'pinyun

'bout, but I've larnt too that folks off'n git credit fur knowin' things jest by keepin' ther mouths shet, an' I've found it's gin'rally safe ter foller that plan when I ain't quite clear on any pint. 'Bout most things, tho', if I *do* say it, I kal'late I kin trust ter my jedgment ter tell me when they air as they should be.

That ev'nin', when I was hearin' that woman from Canada lecter on temp'rance, I tho't if there was any o' them C. L. C. S. there they must hev hard work ter critisize it, fur 'cordin' ter my thinkin' there wasn't nothin' ter critisize. She jest hit the nail on the head ev'ry time, an' she didn't mind who she was drivin' at either. I gess it made sum of 'em squirm a leetle, fur she was rale outspoken, an' sed pritty plain what she tho't 'bout folks that wasn't helpin' long temp'rance. I didn't go thinkin' ter hear anything wonderful, fur I wasn't 'xpectin' much from a furriner like that, but 'fore she got throu' I tho't I'd giv' a good deal if I knowed haf as much as she did.

She an' the wimmin that spoke next day changed my mind consider'ble 'bout wimmin lecterin'. Wy, I don't s'pose there was many men there that could hold a candle ter 'em. Docter Cook was the only man that did any talkin', an' he 'd orter bin proud o' the comp'ny he was trainin' in. I 'low he talked sens'ble,

considerin' ev'rything, but there was sum things he sed would bear critisizin'. There wasn't no other man hed the kurrige ter try, so they giv' the day up ter the wimmin an' they filled it so full o' meetin's that it wouldn't a giv' anybody time ter eat if they'd gone ter all of 'em.

Sum folks pertend ter say that we must practise temp'rance in other things 'sides drinkin'. If that's so I kal'late 'twas preached more 'n 'twas practised that day; but prob'ble they tho't, sence 'twas the only day 'lowed ter 'em, they was 'xcusable fur makin' the most out of it. I heerd Mr. Baker say that evenin' that they didn't say nothin' but what ev'rybody knowed 'fore, but then he's one o' the kind that alers knowed ev'rything 'fore, so his sayin' it wasn't strange. It's my 'pinyun if his wife hed knowed sum things 'bout him 'fore she married him she'd never bin Mis Baker. That was a drefful trouble-sum child o' ther'n, an' instid o' stayin' ter home sumtimes with it, as he orter, an' lettin' her go ter meetin', that man was so 'bom'n'ble selfish he'd jest let her stay there all the time an' take keer of it. *He* didn't miss goin' ter any of 'em, but if he'd bin my husband I reckon he'd missed sum o' the hair on the top of his head, so ter speak, if he'd used me that way. I felt that sorry fur her

that the next arternoon I told her I'd stay with the baby an' she might go an' hear Docter Cook. She wouldn't hear ter it at furst, but I talked her inter it, an' I gess she was glad 'nough ter go.

Considerin' that I hevn't much of a takin' fur childern, an' wanted ter go ter the lecter myself, 'twas a good deal self-sacrifizin' in me ter do it, but I r'membered that we was told in the Scripters that we must bear one anuther's troubles, an' I tho't I'd do what I could ter showlder part o' her'n; but, my goodness! 'fore I got throu' I found 'twas a bigger load 'n I kal'lated on. I never kin tell why that young un didn't kill itself a yellin' that day. It couldn't a bin 'cause it didn't try hard 'nough. I did ev'rything I ever heerd of ter stop it, but the more I giv' it the wurse it yelled, an' I fin'lly giv' it up an' let it take all the comfert 'twas a mind ter at it. It held out fur 'most two hour an' then it stopped ter rest a leetle. (I didn't wonder it hed ter, fur if I'd hed ter work as hard as that did all that while I should a bin clean tuckered out.) It hed only jest got ter sleep when Mis Baker come, an' she'd 'njoyed goin' so much that I tho't I wouldn't say nothin' 'bout what a time I'd hed, but I hope I'll git my r'ward sumtime fur doin' my dooty that day.

The next mornin' when we was talkin' 'bout

what there was ter be that day, Mandy sed Docter Vinson was goin' ter hev a camp-fire fur the C. L. S. C.'s sumwhere in the evenin'. "What's that?" sez I. "Marier sez they're goin' ter build a big fire, an' then all set 'round it an' tell stories, an' hev speeches an' singin', an' I don't know what else," sez she. "I should s'pose they could keep warm 'nough sech weather 'thout hevin' a fire ter set by," sez I. "'Cordin' ter my thinkin' 'twould be more 'njoyable if they'd build a big snow bank. Where's it goin' ter be?" "I don't know," sez she, "but I gess the paper'll tell." So I got it, an' the furst thing I see was that the C. L. S. C.'s was ter jine in a percesshun an' march ter the camp-fire beyend the *grave* at haf past nine that evenin'.

I was so took back when I red it that 'twas much as a minit 'fore I could git it throu' my head what it meant; then sez I, "For the land's sake! If that ain't the windin' up of ev'rything I ever heerd in all my life!" "What is it?" sez she. So I red it ter her an' she didn't know no more 'n I did what ter make of it. "I knowed Docter Vinson was pritty hard-hearted," sez I, "but I *didn't* s'pose he'd be guilty o' doin' sech a thing as that! Here them poor C. L. S. C.'s has been workin' an' diggin' an' slavin' 'emselves ter do what he wanted 'em ter, an' now ter pay 'em fur it

he's goin' ter hev 'em killed an' burnt up right here on the 'sembly ground. It's jest awful!"

"It don't say he's goin' ter hev 'em killed," sez she, readin' it agin. "I don't see what else ye kin make of it," sez I. "O' course they can't git beyond the grave 'nless he kills 'em! I should a tho't if they hedn't a done jest right he might a waited till they died a nat-'ral death 'fore he hed a fire made fur 'em. It looks ter me as tho' he was takin' consider'ble 'sponsibility onter himself, anyway, ter go ter 'rangin' 'bout anybody's futer punishment. I wouldn't wonder if the Lord kin 'tend ter that 'thout any o' his help." "I don't b'lieve that's what it means," sez she; "must be there's a mistake sumwhere." "I don't see how it could read any plainer," sez I. "I know well 'nough that's what it's fur, an' it's jest upset me so I shan't 'njoy nothin' all day."

I tho't I'd go ter the lecter that mornin' an' mebbe I'd find out sumthin' 'bout it, an' I sed ter myself if I found out 'twas so there wasn't nothin' on eirth could git me ter stay there a day longer. When Docter Vinson come ter read what they was ter hev he giv' out that the camp-fire was ter be beyend the grove (instid o' the grave), an' then I see 'twas all 'cause them blunderin' printers hed

spelt it wrong that I got 'xercised so, an' I felt like givin' 'em a good shakin' fur it. 'Tain't no ways likely they did it a purpose, but they'd orter be more keerful 'bout harrowin' up folkses feelin's in that way.

Now that my mind was r'lieved 'bout that I could lissen ter the lecter more 'tentive. I furgit what the name of it was, but he went on ter tell all 'bout the Injuns, an' the Chinese, an' the Nigros, an' I tho't if all he sed was true we'd got sumthin' ter anser fur. 'Tain't no way ter do, jest 'cause we're whiter'n sum folks, ter go ter despisin' 'em an' treatin' 'em bad. We was all made out o' the dust o' the airth, 'cordin' ter Scripter, an' seein' we hedn't no hand in s'lectin' the coler we was ter be 'tain't no credit ter us whatever 'tis, an' there ain't no sence in puttin'on airs 'bout it. We've got so ust ter thinkin' we're the top crust that it's made us a leetle too cranky; but I reckon the top crust wouldn't 'mount ter much if there wasn't sumthin' underside, an' if ye're speakin' o' mince pies it's likely ter be a good deal mixed up an' ruther dark colered, an' I shouldn't wonder if the same was true techin' mankind in gin'ral.

When Docter Cook (I don't know as I sed 'fore that 'twas him that was givin' the lecter), in talkin' 'bout the black folks, turned 'round an' shook hands with one o' them jubylee

singers, ter show that he tho't they was as good as he was, it was rale techin', an' 'twasn't no wonder that all that crowd o' folks went ter cheerin' an' wavin' ther handkerchers at him. He might a talked all day an' 'twouldn't a bin haf as convincin' an' argyment as that was, fur it showed he wasn't layin' down rules fur other folks that he wasn't willin' ter foller himself.

When I found out them C. L. S. C.'s wasn't goin' ter be killed I felt more like goin' ter see what ther big fire *was* fur. I didn't feel quite easy 'bout it yit, fur I tho't it hed a bad look, an' I was s'picshus there was sumthin' wrong sumwhere.

Anyhow, I told Mandy we wouldn't go with the percesshun, so's if anything hap'ned we'd be out o' danger; so when they was gittin' ready we went on ahead. We didn't hev ter ax the way, fur ther was a good many more that felt ruther 'feerd of it I gess, an' they was hurryin' 'long ter git there furst, so we went with 'em.

'Twas quite a walk ter where they was ter hev it; fur they hed ter go out o' the woods an' up on top a hill, so's it could be seen a good ways off, but ev'rybody was so 'xcited 'bout it they didn't mind walkin' a mile or so ter see it.

They hedn't got the fire started yit when

we got there, but there was a sight o' barr'ls an' boxes an' sech things all piled up, ready ter set fire ter when the percesshun come. 'Twasn't long 'fore we heerd the band playin', an' pritty soon we see the torches they was carryin' come windin' 'long throu' the woods.

When they got out where we could see 'em, an' come marchin' up the hill like an army o' solgers, 'twas, as sumbody sed, a most 'mposin' specticle. The band come furst, an' arter them a lot o' boys with torches, an' then Docter Vinson, an' follerin' him was that long percesshun, reachin' back so fur there wasn't no seein' the end of it. I tried ter think how ter giv' sum idee 'bout it if I should ever want ter, but I couldn't think o' nothin' but Moses leadin' the childern o' Isril up out o' Egipt, only I don't s'pose they hed any band playin' or torches then. (Come ter think of it now, I ain't certin that I was so fur out o' the way, fur I reck'n the childern o' Isril didn't hev ter work any harder ter git over inter Canan 'n them C. L. S. C.'s did ter git throu' Chetauquy an' inter the land o' promise—that is, s'posin' there was a land o' promise fur 'em beyend that camp-fire.)

Soon's they'd all got there an' got 'ranged 'round that heap o' kindlin' sumbody set fire ter it, an' 'twasn't a minit 'fore 'twas blazin' like a house a fire an' folks hed ter back off

pritty fast. I didn't know but them barr'ls might be loaded up with sumthin' that would go off an' kill ev'rybody, an' I took keer ter keep a proper ways off till I see there wasn't no danger; but when I see 'em fixin' a place clos up ter it fur Docter Vinson an' Mr. Berd an' sum more of 'em ter make speeches on, I tho't if they wasn't 'feerd I needn't be.

There didn't nothin' o' that kind happin, but I shouldn't wonder if they never hed sech a scorchin' 'fore. It must a bin pritty hard on 'em, fur when 'twas over they hedn't one of 'em any hair left on top ther heads. Mebbe, tho', there wasn't any there ter begin with—I wouldn't say fur certin 'bout that. They made sum good speeches considerin' what they must a bin suff'rin', an' when they'd got throu' the C. L. S. C.'s sung a piece an' then the meetin' broke up, an' that was all there was of it, near's I kin rec'lect. I heerd sum of 'em say they'd 'njoyed 'emselves furst-rate, an' like 'nough they did. Nobody could deny but what they'd hed a meltin' time.

I didn't feel jest sat'sfied, sumhow, fur I'd got my mind so made up that there was trouble comin' out o' it that I was sort o' disappinted 'cause there didn't. I didn't know what 'twas got up fur then, but when I got up the next mornin' an' found the air all heated up so from it that there wasn't no comfert breathin'

I tho't I could see throu' the hull thing. I'd notised that Docter Vinson was oncommon gifted in 'lustratin' things so's ter make 'em plain fur folks ter understand 'em, an' I felt more'n certin he'd took that way o' givin' 'em sum idee o' what he tho't futer punishment was ter be. I hedn't heerd o' his sayin' what he tho't 'bout it, but I *hed* heerd he was a Methodis', an' so o' course he couldn't b'lieve no other way 'n that it meant everlastin' burnin'; but I tho't if he'd come out an' sed so, an' giv' sumbody a chance ter argy the pint with him, 'twould a showed more of a Chrst'n spirit than ter go ter roastin' ev'rybody 'forehand.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. BERD'S PICTURES.

I TOLD Mandy if I could keep comfert'ble ter home 'twas all I should try ter do, but when I found out the jubylee singers was ter giv' a consart that mornin' I changed my mind pritty sudd'n. I don't s'pose it *could* a bin hot 'nough ter keep me 'way from that, an' from the crowd that hed maniged ter git inter that ampletheter I gess it didn't keep anybody else 'way. 'Fore it begun Docter Vinson red a letter from a man that was there from down South that ruffled sum folkses fethers a leetle I gess. I didn't understand what 'twas 'bout very well, but I made out that he didn't 'gree with sum things in Docter Cook's lecter the day 'fore an' wanted folks ter know it, so he 'rote a letter an' hed Docter Vinson read it ter 'em.

I couldn't see jest where the trouble was, but 'twas plain there was a hitch sumwhere. There was sum men settin' near me that I gess b'longed ter that C. L. C. S. jedgin' from the r'marks they made, but then they'd be sure ter find sumthin' ter criticise anyhow, so it don't foller that there was anything wrong in his

readin' it. Wal, I tho't that consert was the butifulest thing I ever heerd in my life, an' I don't 'xpect I'll ever 'njoy anything so agin till I git ter heav'n.

I don't know what 'twas, but there was sumthin' 'bout ther singin' that made me furgit what a wurld o' trouble an' worriment this is, an' that they was only sum o' them black folks that hed alers bin looked down on an' kep' under foot till they didn't seem ter hev a place anywhere. When I see all that 'sembly settin' so still an' lis'nin' so 'tentive that passige o' Scripter come inter my head where it sez, "Air they not ministerin' sperits sent forth ter minister unter 'em?" an' I sed grand sarmons an' lecters is well 'nough, but there ain't nothin' kin take hold o' folkses hearts like sech singin' as that. I tho't fur wunce that criticisin' sosiety'd hev ter shet up, an' when I heerd one of 'em that was settin' there say he tho't they'd got rale proud an' stuck up from bein' praised up so I flared right up. Why, goodness sakes! If the Lord hed made sum white folks ter sing as they did the wurld wouldn't hev bin big 'nough ter hold 'em, an' I tho't 'twas a pity if they couldn't so much as hold ther heads up 'thout sumbody's findin' fault.

But I gess there wasn't many that felt like that, fur they kep' callin' fur one piece arter

anuther as if they'd never let 'em stop, till fin'lly they sed they couldn't sing any more, an' then one of 'em come out an' made a speech, thankin' 'em fur lis'nin' ter 'em (as tho' they'd orter be thanked fur that!), an' sed mebbe they'd come agin next year. Then ev'rybody went ter cheerin' agin, an' so they hed ter sing anuther piece ter make 'em git quiet. When they was throu' they giv' 'em the Chetauquy saloot, an' more'n that they couldn't do, fur that was tho't ter be the tallest fether they could put in anybody's cap. I've heerd they git treated drefful bad in sum places, but they couldn't say they wasn't used well ter Chetauquy.

I shouldn't tho't I could go anywhere agin that day if it hedn't bin fur hearin' Mr. Berd that arternoon, but from what I'd heerd I was willin' ter make consider'ble of a sackerfise ter go, fur he hed the name o' sayin' sumthin' pritty cute when he set out ter. It wasn't what could be called a lecter egsactly—I don't jest know what the name of it was—but he'd found out sumhow what invenshuns there was goin' ter be in the next hunderd year an' hed got some of 'em there so's folks could see 'em. I can't begin ter tell 'bout all of 'em, fur 'twould take no end o' time, but I must say it's wonderful what we're comin' ter. Why, 'fore long they're goin' ter make

trunks as big as a house an' then put wheels under 'em, an' folks kin hitch 'em onter a train o' keers an' go trav'lin' 'round as inderpendent as miskeeters there ter Chetauquy. It'll be proper convenyent fur anybody that's goin' there, fur 'cordin' ter 'counts a good sized fam'ly kin live in one of 'em, an' then hev more room 'n they do in sum o' them tents. Then he hed a mashene there that they was goin' ter git up fur takin' picters, an' the cur'us part of it was that anybody didn't hev ter set fur 'em—all he hed ter do was jest ter think whose picter he wanted it ter take an' out 'twould come.

He was sech a queer talkin' feller that he kept 'em laffin' all the time, tho' he didn't 'pear ter know what they was doin' it fur. I was feerd he might think they was laffin' at him, but I couldn't help it anyway myself at sum things he sed. When he was goin' ter take sumbody's picter he wouldn't call ther names right out 'cause he didn't want ter make 'em feel bad, but he'd tell things 'bout 'em so's ev'rybody'd know who 'twas goin' ter be; an' 'twas a good thing he did, fur 'twould bin hard work tellin' who some of 'em was meant fur.

When he took out Docter Vinson an' Docter Cook's picters nobody could help from laffin'. The likeness ter 'em wasn't strikin', an' what

there was didn't flatter 'em any. I tho't furst mebbe he was kind o' givin' 'em a takin' off, but he was sech a sollum lookin' feller I don't 'xpect he'd do sech a thing as that. They took it rale good natered at bein' made out ter look so, an' if they didn't like it nobody knowed it. But 'twasn't so with the man that was leadin' the singin' there. When Mr. Berd took his picter he got mad 'cause it didn't make him look better, an' got right up an' giv' out that there was goin' ter be a fun'ral of sumbody 'round there in a day or two. I gess ev'rybody was dreffful shocked, fur it looked as tho' he meant ter kill Mr. Berd.

His feelin's must hev bin hurt awful, fur he didn't look like a man that would hurt anybody 'nless he was terr'ble aggervated. I gess they fixed it up 'tween 'em sumway, fur 'twas giv' out next day that the fun'ral hed bin put off awhile, but I couldn't help thinkin' 'twould a bin better if he hedn't showed out sech a sperit 'fore folks.

That evenin' Marier come in ter set a spell, an' when I was tellin' her what I tho't 'bout it she sed he was jest jokin', but there can't anybody make me b'lieve he wasn't in airnest. She run on talkin' 'bout things, an' pritty soon she sez, "I don't know's I heerd ye say yit how ye liked Chetauquy, Mis Hartshorn."

Her axin' took me sort o' by s'prise, an' I didn't know jest how ter anser, so I sez, "I ain't made up my mind yit." She laffed, an' sez she, "I should think 'twas 'bout time, seein' ter-morrer's the last day," an' sure 'nough, I tho't, 'twas. I'd hed so much ter do ter take it all in that I hedn't hed time ter think whether I liked it or not. I knowed I'd be axed a good many times, an' I wanted ter know how ter giv' my 'pinyun better'n that; so I went ter thinkin' what I should say, but I found 'twasn't so easy as I 'xpected makin' up my mind.

There was sum things I liked, an' then agin there was sum I wasn't so well pleased with, an' I sed ter myself I'd like ter know how other folks looked at it. I've found it's a good deal o' help sumtimes ter know what sumbody else thinks when I ain't quite clear on any pint; so I tho't pr'aps I'd better wait till I'd hed a chance ter find out 'fore I 'xpressed myself 'bout it. It struck me I'd begin by axin' Marier, so I sez, "How d'ye like it yerself?"

Now Marier's bin 'round sum and seen things, an' she never goes fur praisin' anything up much, fur fear it'll look as if she hedn't seen nothin' better. I wasn't 'xpectin' much from her, so I didn't feel any s'prised ter hear her say, "Oh, I like it very

well, considerin' one can't 'xpect perfeckshun. There's a good many things might be improved on, but I s'pose they do the best they kin," an' she looked as if she tho't if 'twas left ter her she could fix things a nashun sight better. I didn't ax her what they was, fur I didn't consider that *that* was anything r'mark'ble if 'twas so. As fur as my 'xper'ence goes I ain't found many things in this wurld that can't be 'mproved on, an' I tho't I shouldn't lay it up agin Chetauquy if that was the wurst that could be sed 'bout it.

I wasn't goin' ter 'low myself ter be prejudised by what she sed, anyway.

Bime by, when she an' Mandy was talkin' so they didn't notis me, I slipped out ter take a leetle walk. 'Twas pleasant bein' out o' doors, an' it seemed as if ev'rybody hed found it out an' was takin' a walk too, an' yit when I went over ter the ampletheter I see that was as full as ever. When I come up ter it an' stood lookin' down on that big congregashun, I 'couldn't help wonderin' what 'twas that made folks so willin' ter go ter them meetin's an' set fur two hour lis'nin' ter a lecter when they was all so wore out an' 'twas so stiflin' hot in a crowd.

There was sumthin' 'bout it I couldn't 'count for, but I set it down as wuth speak-

in' of, an' if anybody kin 'xplain it they kin do more'n I kin. While I was standin' there there was sum young wimmin come 'long an' stopped near me, an' one of' em sez, "I think it's awful poky here. There ain't nothin' goin' on but jest them horrid meetin's, an' I wouldn't giv' a straw ter go ter any of 'em. I ain't hed a bit good time sence I've bin here." "Wal, I hev," sez the other one, "I've bin out on the lake most ev'ry night, an' ter Jamestown an' Mayvill, an' I've got 'cquainted with lots o' folks. There's ever so many nice lookin' fellers here," sez she, turnin' round ter watch sum that was jest passin.' "If there was a thousan' 'twouldn't do me no good," sez the first one. "I ain't bin invited ter go anywhere, an' the only thing I've hed was sum ice cream, an' that I paid fifteen cents fur, an' twasn't very good neither," an' she looked as pervoked as if she'd bin treated shameful. 'Twasn't consolin', and I didn't wonder she didn't like it there.

Come ter think of it, I rec'lected that there hedn't bin no parties or balls or picknicks, or nothin' of that sort fur them that didn't want ter go ter the meetin's, an' I tho't 'twasn't jest the thing ter invite folks ter come there and not pervide anything ter entertain 'em.

I was glad I'd heerd what they sed, fur

'twouldn't ever 'curred ter me if I hedn't, an' I tho't I'd keep my ears open an' see what else I could hear.

While I was lookin' 'round I see two men leanin' up aginst a tree not fur off, an' I felt 'most sure they was talkin' 'bout Chetauquy. I kept edgin' 'long towards 'em till I got near 'nough ter hear what they was sayin,' an' sure 'nough one of 'em sez, "I think the hull thing is a money-makin' consarn, anyway. Them that's runnin' it air goin' ter git rich out of it, an' they kin 'ford ter puff it up."

The other one laffed, and sez, "I 'xpect they'd say they hed a right ter make money any way they wanted ter, but I gess they won't get rich very fast if what I hear is true. A man told me ter-day that it cost so much to keep it goin' that it took all the money they got ter pay 'xpenses."

"That does well 'nough ter talk, but I don't b'lieve a word of it," sez the furst one. "'Tain't very likely they're doin' all this fur nothin', but I kal'late my money won't help'em much in futer."

He spoke so cross I didn't know but sumbody'd bin cheatin' him was what made him feel so.

They went ter talkin' 'bout sumthin' else then, but I'd heerd 'nough ter set me ter

thinkin' pritty hard, an' I sed if them 'sembly fellers was gougin' folks an' not givin' 'em the wuth o' ther money they'd orter be took up fur it. I hedn't heerd nothin' 'bout it 'xceptin' what that man had sed, an' that made me think mebbe he wasn't right 'bout it. I 'lowed there was sum things I hedn't liked overmuch, but that ain't sayin' I didn't feel paid fur goin'. I'd seen an' heerd 'nough ter giv' me sumthin' ter think of fur a good while, an' I reckon I shouldn't a begredged the money if it hed bin twice as much, an' as long as I couldn't make no complaint on that 'count I didn't mind who the money went ter. But sum folks ain't that way. They alers want to know who is goin' ter git ther money, an' whether they ain't gittin' more'n b'longs ter 'em, an' it's nat'ral they shouldn't 'njoy spendin' much when there's any dout 'bout it.

I tho't I'd heerd all I wanted ter that night, an' I walked back, wonderin' what sort o' wurld this would be if ev'rybody tho't jest like 'bout ev'rything. It looked as if I'd hev a hard time in makin' up my mind if I hed ter go by what other folks sed, fur I was a good ways further off from knowin' how I liked it than I was 'fore I'd heerd anything.

CHAPTER XII.

GETTING READY TO GO HOME.

THE next mornin' ev'rybody was stirrin' pritty airly, packin' up an' gittin' ready ter go home. A great many was goin' that day, an' I would a bin glad ter, but there was ter be a percesshun in the arternoon an' sum 'lumina-shuns in the evenin', an' I couldn't git Mandy ter budge an inch till she'd seen all there was ter see.

We sed we'd git our things packed up, an' then we could go ter meetin's arterwards, an' I went at it an' did what I hed ter do 'fore she'd hardly begun. It did seem as tho' she'd never git things ter suit her. She'd put sum thin' in her trunk, an' then she'd take it out an' fold it up diff'runt an' put it back agin', till I fin'lly got out o' all pashunce and put on my bunnit and started out ter see what I could, leavin' her to spend all the time fussin' that she wanted ter. Seein' folks was mostly headed fur the landin' I tho't likely that would be as good a place ter go as any, so I went down there an' took a seat where I could watch things, an' I must say I 'njoyed it as much as I would goin' ter a show.

'Twas rale 'musin' ter see how much trouble sum of 'em hed in gittin' off. They'd come hurryin' down carryin' all sorts o' boxes an' bundles, an' when they got there like as not the woman would find she'd furgot sumthin', an' then the man would go ter scoldin' an' she'd go runnin' back arter it, or, if he was one o' the pashunt kind, he'd go himself. There was a good many that 'peared ter hev furgot sumthin', but I didn't see but jest two men goin' back arter it.

Then there wasn't no end o' trouble with them fellers that was cartin' trunks. They didn't seem ter git anybody's trunks there as soon as they'd orter, an' they didn't 'pear ter keer much whether they did or not; but I 'xpect they was so ust ter bein' scolded at that it didn't make no 'mpresshun on 'em. 'Twas lucky fur 'em that ev'rybody was 'bleeged ter hire 'em ter take ther trunks, fur folks hed ter pay whatever they sed, whether they wanted ter or not; but then I don't s'pose anpbody'd bin willin' ter lift sum o' them trunks 'thout they was paid what 'twas wuth. There was sum grumblin', o' course—I kal'late there'll alers be 'nough o' *that* this side o' heav'n. I heerd one man say ter the man at the gate, "I should call this a payin' instetushun. It's pay ter git in, an' pay ter stay in, an' pay ter git 'way. If I hev money 'nough

left ter git home 'tain't 'cause ye hevn't tried hard 'nough ter git it," but I gess he was jokin', fur 'tain't likely anybody wanted ter git his money 'way from him.

Bime by there was two men come 'long an' set down ther sachels near where I was, an' stood there talkin' while they was waitin' fur the boat. They was smart lookin' men, an' I set 'em down right off fur preachers or docters. I didn't notis what they was talkin' 'bout till I heerd 'em say sumthin' 'bout Chetauquy an' then I was all ears in a minit. When I begun ter lis'en one of 'em was sayin', "I look upon it as one o' the grandest idees that ever was tho't of. We come here from diff'runt parts o' the country an' git new idees 'bout things, an' larn sumthin' that'll be of use ter us fur years. Folkses brains air apt ter git rusty if they don't use 'em a good deal, an' this is a good place ter polish 'em up. I alers go 'way from here feelin' more like work'n I did when I come." "Yes," sez the other, "it's a magnifersent int'lectoral feast (I think that's what he called it) all the time, from the furst day till the last. I could hardly git throu' the year 'thout the help I git from Chetauquy." Then they went ter talkin' 'bout the lecter the night 'fore, but I didn't mind what they sed 'bout that, fur I was bizzy thankin' my stars that I happ'ned ter be there

an' hear what I hed. I tho't ther 'pinyun was wuth considerin', seein' that they was edicated men an' cap'ble o' jedgin', an' what sech folks sed 'bout it was what I was wantin' ter know.

It 'peared ter me they was a good deal eat up with it, but on the hull I tho't I'd be safe in thinkin' as they did. Then it struck me that bein' preachers they'd nat'rally hev a takin' fur that kind o' thing, an' couldn't jedge fur other folks. That got me all onsettl'd agin, an' I set there tryin' ter think how ter 'range matters till I got a drefful headache from botherin' my brains so over it.

But I fin'lly got it fixed ter my mind, an' I sed ter myself if anybody axed me what I tho't o' Chetauquy I should tell 'em that if anybody was goin' fur a frolick an' hevin' a good time 'twasn't no place fur 'em, nur fur folks that was keerful 'bout spendin' money an' wanted a reseet fur all they paid out. But fur them that wanted ter improve 'emselves an' didn't keer fur much else there wasn't nothin' like it.

Then 'twas a good place, too, fur folks that got ther livin' by critisizin', fur they'd alers find plenty ter do there. I must say I felt a good deal sat'sfyed with the way I'd settl'd it, fur I 'lowed it kivered the hull ground an' looked as tho' I'd bin usin' my eyes ter sum 'count. I didn't b'lieve Docter Vinson him-

self could a told it any better, an' I tho't I was desarvin' o' a good deal o' credit fur makin' it so plain, considerin' that my 'pinyun would be likely ter hev sumthin' ter do in makin' up other folkses minds.

Wal I didn't set there long arter that, fur I happ'ned ter think that I didn't r'member o' seein' my gold specs anywhere when I was pickin' up my things, an' that started me back pritty quick. I got ter wurryin' drefful while I was goin', fur I knowed if I'd gone an' lost them air specs I'd never hear the last of it as long as I lived. I'd got 'long so fur 'thout losin' anything, but I sed 'twould be jest my luck ter hev dropped 'em sumwhere. The more I tho't of it the more I was sure I hed, an' I got in sech a state o' mind that I don't know what I should a' done if it hedn't a come ter me jest 'fore I got there that when I was dressin' I put 'em under the piller so's they'd be safe, an' when I walked in an' went an' looked there they was jest where I put 'em, an' I don't b'lieve anybody ever was so much r'lieved as I was.

Mandy hed maniged ter git her packin' done, an' I found her ter work tryin' ter clean up her silk dress. "It's too bad," sez she, "my dress is jest 'bout spiled. I don't b'lieve I'll ever git it clean agin." I wanted ter tell her 'twasn't no wonder, the way she'd bin trapsin'

'round in it, but I tho't 'twasn't best. "There ain't nothin' like a black alpacky fur knockin' 'bout in," sez I; "but ye ain't goin' ter put that on ter day, be ye?" "O' course I am," sez she, "I 'xpect that's what it's fur—ter wear." I was beat ter hear her say so, fur it hed bin thretenin' ter rain all day, an' I didn't s'pose she'd be so foolish as ter wear sech a dress as that, but I tho't if she hedn't any more sense 'n ter go an' cut sech a caper she might take the consequences—'twasn't none o' my bisness.

They'd kal'lated on hevin' the Chetauquy percesshun that arternoon; ev'rybody that could was 'xpected ter jine it an' march 'round a spell, an' then they was ter go ter the ampletheter, where there was ter be a consert; but there was one thing they'd furgot, an' that was that the weather ain't no r'specter o' percesshuns, or conserts, or anything o' that sort.

It kept thunderin' an' lightnin' all the time they was gittin' ready, an' jest arter they'd got started the rain come pourin' down like ev'rything an' set 'em all runnin' helter skelter ter git under kiver. Most of 'em run ter the ampletheter, but sum was bound they wouldn't giv' it up that way, an' when it let up a bit they started in agin an' right on, notwithstandin' it kept rainin' harder every

minit. I gess they didn't 'njoy it very much tho', fur when they come marchin' 'long inter the ampletheter, all drippin' wet, with ther flags trailin' down, they was the sorryest lookin' percesshun anybody ever see.

Seemed as tho' they'd orter hev sumthin' ter inkurrige 'em fur showin' so much grit, an' so folks went ter cheerin' 'em as hard as they could, but they was sech a furlorn lookin' set that they broke down at it an' hed ter go ter laffin' instid. 'Twasn't very good manners, but as long's ev'rybody jined in nobody could 'bject. Wal, it kept thunderin' an' lightnin' an' rainin', an' it looked fur awhile as tho' a second delluge was comin' sure 'nough.

There wasn't nothin' could be done but ter wait fur it ter stop, fur 'twould a took more powerful lungs 'n anybody there hed ter be heerd in all that noise. 'Twas as good as a sarmon ter see all them four or five thousan' folks settin' there so still, an' I tho't mebbe 'twas ter show 'em that larnin' an' culter might set folks up pritty high, but it didn't take nothin' but a right smart thunder shower ter shet up their mouths an' let 'em see what insignifercant bein's they was.

Arter awhile it stopped rainin' sum, an' so they begun ther consert; but it kept on thunderin' yit, an' when the band was playin' the

furst piece that big drum got all mixed up with a clap o' thunder till there wasn't no tellin' which was which. The feller that was beatin' it was a good deal put out, but he kept poundin' 'way as hard as he could, an' fin'lly made out ter git strait'ned up agin.

Then the korus started off. They got 'long pritty well fur a leetle ways, an' then 'long come anuther clap o' thunder an' knocked 'em all ter pieces, an' then it went grumblin' off, leavin' 'em ter pick 'emselves up as best they could. 'Twas ruther hard on 'em ter be used so when they'd took so much pains ter sing it right, but they bore it r'markable well. When the man that was leadin' 'em giv' out that sum young wimmin was ter sing a piece 'lone it looked ruther resky, but they 'peared ter hev a good deal o' kurrige, an' come out an' sung so butiful that even the thunder was struck dum an' furgot ter molest 'em, an' 'twas so still they could be heerd clear ter the end; but when folks went ter cheerin' 'em back it come agin ter show 'em they didn't know how ter cheer wuth a cent. They did the best they could fur awhile, but they didn't stand no chance 'tall an' hed ter giv' it up. It kept it up till they hed ter come out an' sing sum more, so nobody felt like complanin'.

If I could think o' that air French word I

heerd a lady say that was settin' near me, I should say 'twas a thunderin'—inkore I think she called it. Anyhow I don't 'xpect they ever hed sech a complyment paid ter 'em 'fore. Wal, takin' it all tergether 'twas consider'ble of a consert.

Towards the end the thunder got tired playin' with 'em an' let 'em hev it all ther own way an' then 'twasn't so good, but seein' that hed a good many year the start of 'em in practis 'tain't ter be 'xpected they could make much of a show.

When we come ter go home it set in rainin' agin, an' Mandy was in a great pickle 'bout gittin' her dress wet, but I didn't pity her much. When I see folkses pride git the better o' ther good jedgment I never waste any simpathy on 'em if they git inter trouble. I s'pose I might hev offer'd ter go an' git sumthin' fur her, but I didn't, an' she went soppin' 'long as out o' sorts as if I'd hed sumthin' ter do with gittin' up that shower. It rained so they hed ter giv' up ther 'luminashuns in the evenin', which must a bin consider'ble of a disapintmunt ter 'em, sence they counted on hevin' sumthin' pritty big ter wind up with; but they held a meetin' in the ampletheter an' made speeches, an' told how they'd 'njoyed 'emselves, an' what a nice place 'twas there, till it made ev'rybody feel as tho' they want-

ed ter stay there furever. Then when all was sed that could be, an' ev'rybody's feelin's was 'fected so's they hed ter use ther handkerchers a good deal, Docter Vinson giv' 'em the benedickshun an' sed the Chetauquy 'sembly was ter an' end.

When I got it throu' my head that it ralely was so I couldn't help feelin' sumwhat sorry, fur it seemed ter me 'twould be kind of a lettin' down ter go back ter the Corners an' settle down ter goin' ter preachin' Sundays an' prayer meetin' Thursday nights. (I gess I was set up a leetle from seein' an' hearin' so much, but I don't know's 'twas ter be wondered at if I was, seein' I'd never hed so much ter set up on 'fore.) Fur all that, I 'lowed 'twould be a comfert ter hev a desent bed ter sleep on, an' go ter livin' more civ'lized.

Then, ter tell the truth, I hed jest a leetle longin' ter see the Deacon.

Ter be sure he's got his failin's an' apt ter be crotchety, an' I git a good deal out o' pashunce with him sumtimes, but then as long's he's all the husband I've got 'tain't wuth while ter lay it up aginst him. I couldn't say he acted jest right 'bout my comin' ter Chetauquy, but in thinkin' it over I sed ter myself that if he 'peared ter feel sorry fur it I'd furgiv' him, whether he axed me ter or not. If I'd wanted ter stay there I should a

changed my mind when I woke up next mornin' an' see 'twas rainin' agin. It seemed as tho' the weather hed only bin waitin' fur it ter let out 'fore it set in ter rain, an' I must say of all the lonesum places I ever was in that took the lead that mornin'.

'Twould a bin sort o' depressin' anyway ter see how desarted it hed begun ter look, but with that drizz'lin' rain fallin' an' not a speck o' blue sky ter be seen 'twas 'nough ter make anybody want ter git 'way as fast as they could. We'd 'ranged ter go on the furst boat so's there wouldn't be sech a crowd, but when I see sech sights of 'em goin' down ter take it I sed ter Mandy I knowed well 'nough it couldn't carry 'em all, an' we'd hev ter be left if we wasn't there airly; but I don't 'xpect anything on airth could a made her hurry herself. She kept fussin' an' fixin' till I got in sech a fidgit I hed hard work ter keep from sayin' sumthin' pritty sharp. I hed ter wait much as half 'n hour fur her, I'm certin, an' then she went 'fore she was ready.

Mr. Baker sed he'd 'tend ter gittin' our trunks there, so we didn't hev the trouble o' seein' ter that; an' I was thankful we didn't, fur I hed a hard 'nough time of it as 'twas. What with hurryin' so fur fear we'd git left, an' carryin' my umbrel an' bandbox, an holdin' up my dress, I hed all I could 'tend ter.

Then them pesky rubbers they hev nowdays is alers comin' off, an' I hed ter stop ev'ry leetle ways an' pull 'em on; an' as if all that wasn't 'nough ter try my pashunce, when I was tryin' ter git past a man that wouldn't git out o' my way his umbrel hit my bunnit an' knocked that all onter one side, an' by the time I got down ter the landin' I was a pritty lookin' figger! 'Twas so pervokin', fur when I see how them folks acted the day 'fore I sed ter myself when I got ready ter go I wouldn't hurry an' act so redic'lous, but I'd go sort o' dignyfied an' proper, an' ter think I'd gone an' done jest the same way was, I sh'd say, 'xasperatin', an' the more so 'cause 'twas all on Mandy's 'count, for if she hedn't hendered me so 'bout startin' there wouldn't a bin no need o' hurryin' so.

The wurst of all was that it made me furgit ter go and tell Dr. Vinson an' that editer good-by.

Ter be sure I didn't know Docter Vinson very well, but I felt consider'ble 'cquainted with the editer, an' 'twouldn't a bin nothin' but good manners ter say good-by ter 'em. I tho't prob'ble they'd think strange of it 'cause I didn't, an' it's worked me ever sence. (If I ever go there agin I mean to 'xplain it ter 'em how 'twas.)

When we'd giv' our tickets ter the man at the gate (fur a wonder there wasn't nothin' wrong with 'em) we went 'long onter the boat, an' when I see how much room there was I tho't I needn't a hurrid so; but then I ain't sure I should a wanted ter go on that boat if we'd waited, fur they kept comin' an' comin' till 'twas full from one end ter tother, an' it made it settle down inter the water so I 'xpected 'twould sink certin.

I sed ter Mandy that 'twas jest temptin' Providence fur 'em ter try an' carry so many, an' I shouldn't be a bit s'prised if we should all go ter the bottom.

It r'lieved me sum when we got started off, so's there couldn't any more git on, but I didn't draw an easy breath all the time I was on it. I was worryin' so 'bout it that I didn't pay so much 'tenshun ter watchin' folks as I ushelly do, but I did notis how tired ev'rybody looked. Sum of 'em 'most looked as tho' they'd hed a fit o' sickness, an' I tho't likely they'd bin takin' too much metyfizics an' they didn't 'gree with 'em.

When we got ter Mayville o' course ev'rybody was in a terr'ble hurry ter git ter the keers, an' they'd run an' push an' 'most knock any body down tryin' ter git there furst.

I was so out o' pashunce with the way they acted that I tho't I'd set 'em a better egsample

an' see if 'twouldn't make 'em behave more desent; so I walked 'long sort o' slow an' onconsarned ter make it look as tho' I'd trav'led 'round a good deal an' 'xpected things was goin' ter wait fur me if I didn't hurry, but jest then a man come runnin' 'long carryin' a big sachel, an' when he was goin' past me he knocked my bandbox out o' my hand an' sent it a kitin' 'most inter the lake, an' while I was chasin' arter that Mandy turned 'round an' sez, "I'd like ter know what ye're waitin' fur. There won't be no gittin' a seat if ye don't hurry." So I giv' it up an' hurried as fast as any of 'em. I found there hedn't anybody saved a seat fur me, an' I don't know's I sh'd got one if a man hedn't giv me his. I didn't r'member ever seein' him 'fore, but he was so r'spectful 'bout it that I gess he must a knowed who I was.

I tho't I'd feel safer when I got onter the keers, but matters wasn't much better then.

The land is risin' 'round Mayville an' it's down hill goin' way from there, an' when we started an' kept goin' faster an' faster ev'ry minit 'twasn't long 'fore I was in as much trouble as ever, for I couldn't see how in the wurld they was ever goin' ter stop agin with such a load as there was. I 'xpected nothin' else but what we'd run off the track an' all be pitched head furst inter sum o' them gulfs,

an' laberin' under sech feelin's 'twasn't ter be wondered at if I wasn't in a partic'ler comfert'ble frame o' mind till arter they hed stopped wunce or twice, an' I see they could.

When I got easier 'bout that I went ter thinkin' 'bout gittin' home, an' how the Deacon would act ter see me. I knowed he'd be tickled 'most ter death, but I sed ter myself I did hope he wouldn't go ter makin' a specticle of himself 'fore ev'rybody—not that it's like him ter show out his feelin's much, but I hedn't never bin 'way from home so long 'fore, an' I didn't know but he might. I tho't p'raps I'd better be ruther toppin' at furst ter show him I hedn't furgot sum things, but I couldn't help feelin' in a good deal of a flutter when we got ter the Corners.

When we come ter the stashun I looked out the winder an' see old Dol hitched there, so I see he was 'xpectin' me, an' I didn't hardly wait for the keers ter stop 'fore I was ter the door. Mandy tried to make me wait a leetle, but I wasn't goin' ter be held back by her that time. She wasn't 'xpectin' any husband ter meet her, so she couldn't be 'xpected ter understan' my feelin's.

It didn't take me long ter git off when I could, and then I begun ter look 'round ter find the Deacon. I didn't hev ter look very hard, fur there he stood a few steps 'way, with

that old straw hat o' his restin' down on his ears and an' old pair o' pant'loons on that he alers wears when he's doin' chores; he didn't hev no coat on' an' I should jedge he hedn't shaved for as much as a week, an' takin' him as he was he wouldn't hev struck anybody as bein' 'n orn'munt ter the offis of Deacon.

I tho't he might hev fixed up sum, seein' he was 'xpectin' comp'ny from Chetauquy, an' it ruther took off sumthin' from my comin' home ter find him lookin' so.

But I sed ter myself, mebbe he was in sech a hurry he didn't hev time ter dress himself, an' 'twasn't best ter lay it up aginst him; so I walked up behind him (fur he hedn't seen me yit) an' sez I, "Wal, Deacon!" He turned 'round an' looked at me, an' sez he, "Got back, hev ye? Wal, stir 'round and get yer traps tergether, fur I ain't no time to spare," an' as sure's I'm livin', if that ain't as near as he ever come ter sayin' he was glad ter see me. Men is sech aggervatin' bein's!

THE END.

THE PEOPLE'S LIBRARY.

The following list of complete Stories by popular and well-known American and English authors are offered with the assurance that they will give entire satisfaction. They are printed from large, new type, on a good quality of heavy paper. Among American authors we can announce several stories by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, whose writings have been received with universal favor. The People's Library is for sale by all newsdealers and booksellers in the United States. If you cannot get it from your bookseller, any number will be sent by mail on receipt of 12 cents for a 10-cent number, 18 cents for a 15-cent number, and 25 cents for a 20-cent number. The following is the list now ready. A new story is issued *every day.*

NUMBER.	PRICE.
1—THE GAMBLER'S WIFE. By Mrs. Grey	20c
2—PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade	20c
3—AURORA FLOYD. By Miss M. E. Braddon	20c
4—HANDY ANDY. By Samuel Lover	20c
5—JACOB FAITHFUL. By Captain Marryatt	15c
6—IVANHOE. By Sir Walter Scott	20c
7—NIGHT AND MORNING. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton	20c
8—GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST. By James Payne	10c
9—WRESTLING JOE. By Ned Buntline	20c
10—THE TROUBLESOME TWINS. By Edward Harcourt	20c
11—A QUEEN AMONG WOMEN. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
12—FRITZ, THE GERMAN DETECTIVE. By Tony Pastor	10c
13—MONTE MADRONA. By Will B. Schwartz	10c
14—THE HAUNTED TOWER. By Mrs. Henry Wood	10c
15—THE WAGES OF SIN. By Miss M. E. Braddon	10c
16—VICTOR AND VANQUISHED. By Mary Cecil Hay	20c
17—OTHER FOOLS AND THEIR DOINGS	15c
18—CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN. By Mrs. O. F. Walton	10c
19—NELLIE, THE CLOCKMAKER'S DAUGHTER	10c
20—NOT FORSAKEN. By Agnes Giberne	10c
21—BEDE'S CHARITY. By Hesba Stretton	15c
22—LIFE OF REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D	15c
23—THE YOUNG APPRENTICE. By Hesba Stretton	10c
24—SHEER OFF. By A. L. O. E	15c
25—IN PRISON AND OUT. By Hesba Stretton	10c
26—HISTORY OF A THREEPENNY BIT. By J. W. Kirton	10c
27—FROGGY'S LITTLE BROTHER. By Brenda	15c
28—WINDOW-CURTAINS. By T. S. Arthur	20c
29—A THORNY PATH. By Hesba Stretton	10c
30—THE POOR CLERK AND HIS CROOKED SIXPENCE. By George E. Sargent	10c
31—NINETY-NINE CHOICE READINGS AND RECITATIONS. No. 1	10c
32—THE LITTLE CAPTAIN. By Lynde Palmer	10c
33—THE OCTAGON; OR, THE OLD FERRY. By Mrs. M. E. Berry	10c
34—THE YOUNG WHALER. By W. H. G. Kingston	10c
35—CHATAUQUA LECTURES	10c

NUMBER.	PRICE.
36—THE KING'S SERVANTS. By Hesba Stretton	10c
37—THE SECRET SORROW. By May Agnes Fleming	20c
38—A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
39—A LIFE'S SECRET. By Mrs. Henry Wood	20c
40—BUFFALO BILL. By Ned Buntline	20c
41—THE BLUNDERS OF A BASHFUL MAN. By the author of "A Bad Boy's Diary"	10c
42—PERCY AND THE PROPHET. By Wilkie Collins	10c
43—HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION OF JAMES A. GARFIELD	20c
44—THAT BEAUTIFUL WRETCH. By William Black	10c
45—MRS. GEOFFREY. By The Duchess	20c
46—DORA THORNE	20c
47—JOSH BILLINGS' SPICE-BOX. By Josh Billings	10c
48—BEAUTIFUL, BUT POOR. By Julia Edwards	10c
49—LIKE NO OTHER LOVE. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
50—THE RUGG DOCUMENTS (First Series). By Clara Augusta	10c
51—NINETY-NINE CHOICE READINGS AND RECITATIONS, No. 2	10c
52—THE OCTOROON. By Miss M. E. Braddon	10c
53—THE GRASS WIDOW. By Lieut.-Col. F. E. West	10c
54—THE RUGG DOCUMENTS (Second Series). By Clara Augusta	10c
55—FATED TO MARRY. By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming	10c
56—CAST UPON THE WORLD. By Chas. E. Perine	10c
57—A DARK INHERITANCE. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
58—HILARY'S FOLLY. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
59—COBWEBS AND CABLES. (Part First). By Hesba Stretton	20c
60—THE RUGG DOCUMENTS (Third Series). By Clara Augusta	10c
61—CHARLOTTE TEMPLE. By Mrs. Rowson	10c
62—A ROGUE'S LIFE. By Wilkie Collins	10c
63—THE BLACK SPECK. By F. W. Robinson	10c
64—MISSING. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
65—THE RUGG DOCUMENTS (Fourth Series). By Clara Augusta	10c
66—A GILDED SIN. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
67—BORROWED PLUMES. By Miss Jennie S. Alcott	10c
68—THE SORROW OF A SECRET. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
69—EAST LYNNE. By Mrs. Henry Wood	20c
70—THE RUGG DOCUMENTS (Fifth Series). By Clara Augusta	10c
71—THE FATAL LILIES. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
72—THE TALE OF SIN. By Mrs. Henry Wood	10c
73—OUR GERALDINE. By the author of "A Family History"	10c
74—SISTER DORA. By Margaret Lonsdale	10c
75—A STRANGE DREAM. By Rhoda Broughton	10c
76—HIS HEART OF OAK. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
77—ROUND THE MOON. By Jules Verne	10c
78—THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE. By Eliza A. Dupuy	10c
79—A GREAT ATONEMENT. By the author of "An Error of Love"	10c
80—THORNS OR GRAPES? By the author of "His Victoria Cross"	10c
81—SHE WOULD BE A LADY. By the author of "Love's Devotion"	10c
82—THE PRIVATE SECRETARY. By the author of "The Battle of Dorking"	15c
83—THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. Henry Wood	10c
84—LOVE IN IDLENESS. By the author of "Loveday"	10c
85—THE LITTLE EARL. By Ouida	10c
86—WON FOR A WAGER. By Mary N. Holmes	10c
87—LIL: "Fair, Fair, With Golden Hair." By Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh	10c
88—IN THE HOLIDAYS. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
89—PROPOSING TO HER. By Emma S. Southworth	10c
90—BACK TO THE OLD HOME. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
91—THE LITTLE WIDOW. By the author of "Bertie"	10c
92—UNDER LIFE'S KEY, and Other Stories. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
93—JANE EYRE. By Charlotte Bronte	20c
94—FIGHTING HER WAY. By Rose Ashleigh	20c
95—A CUNNING WOMAN. By the author of "Ladybird's Penitence"	10c
96—INTO THE SHADE, and Other Stories. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
97—TWICE STOLEN. By the author of "Tempted by Gold"	10c
98—THE FUGITIVES. By Mrs. Oliphant	10c
99—HER FACE TO THE FOE. By Mary N. Holmes	**10c**

NUMBER.	PRICE.
100—FOR LOVE OR GOLD? By Miss Jennie S. Alcott	20c
101—THAT AMAZING PROFESSOR	10c
102—A HAPPY RELEASE. By the author of "Constance Dare"	10c
103—HER DARING VENTURE. By author of "Mildred's Mistake"	10c
104—THE FIGURE IN THE CORNER. By Miss M. E. Braddon	10c
105—DARKEST BEFORE DAWN	10c
106—LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By Miss M. E. Braddon	20c
107—"CASH SEVENTEEN." By Sophy S. Burr	10c
108—WIFE OR WIDOW? By the author of "The Missing Diamonds."	10c
109—GILT AND GOLD. By the author of "A Wife's Honor."	10c
110—A WIFE'S ORDEAL. By Emma S. Southworth	10c
111—SOUGHT AND SAVED. By M. A. Paull	20c
112—THE MISSING DIAMONDS. By the author of "Wife or Widow?"	10c
113—BY FAITH ALONE. By Nellie F. Haynes	10c
114—THE MYSTERY OF CEDAR COURT	10c
115—MAB TARLETON'S TRIAL	10c
116—HER FIRST LOVE. By the author of "Miss Litton's Lovers"	10c
117—MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. By Douglas Jerrold	10c
118—HEIRESS TO A MILLION	10c
119—COBWEBS AND CABLES. (Part Second). By Hesba Stretton	15c
120—LIONEL FRANKLIN'S VICTORY. By E. Van Sommer	20c
121—WAS HE SEVERE? By Mrs. Henry Wood	10c
122—BRENDA YORKE. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
123—THE SAD FORTUNES OF THE REV. AMOS BARTON. By George Eliot	10c 10c
124—THE HAUNTED MAN. By Charles Dickens	10c
125—OWEN'S HOBBY. By Elmer Burleigh	20c
126—LADY MARABOUT'S TROUBLES. By "Ouida"	10c
127—A CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Charles Dickens	10c
128—THAT BEAUTIFUL LADY. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
129—CHRISTOWELL. By R. D. Blackmore	20c
130—THE THREE COUSINS. By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming	10c
131—THE LOST BANK-NOTE. By Mrs. Henry Wood	10c
132—MACON MOORE. By Judson R. Taylor	20c
133—DICK NETHERBY. By L. B. Walford	10c
134—A GOLDEN DAWN. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
135—THE FARMER'S DAUGHTERS	10c
136—MY DARLING'S RANSOM. By Richard Dowling	10c
137—WEDDED AND PARTED. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
138—HIS SECRET. By Miss M. E. Braddon	10c
139—A FROZEN SEA. By Wilkie Collins	10c
140—MARJORIE'S TRIAL. By the author of "A Cunning Woman"	10c
141—RETURNED TO LIFE. By Gerald Burre	10c
142—A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
143—THE CLOVEN FOOT. By Miss M. E. Braddon	20c
144—NUMA ROUMESTAN. By Alphonse Daudet	10c
145—YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE. By Wilkie Collins	10c
146—THE CAPTAINS' ROOM. By Walter Besant and James Rice	10c
147—TOM YORKE'S LEGACY. By Edward Garrett	10c
148—A DOUBLE BOND. By Linda Villari	10c
149—HIS GREAT REVENGE	10c
150—DIED YOUNG. By Elmer E. Russell	10c
151—HIS PHANTOM BRIDE	10c
152—TWO KISSES. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
153—"A BAND OF THREE." By L. T. Meade	10c
154—THE WHITE NUN. By author of "The Bondage of Brandon"	10c
155—LOVE'S SACRIFICE. By W. G. Walenn	10c
156—TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND. By Charles Dickens	10c
157—THE LADY OF HAZEL PLACE. By Geo. Manville Fenn	10c
158—A GREAT JOURNEY. By Miss M. E. Braddon	10c
159—THE SHATTERED IDOL. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
160—A BRIDEGROOM'S SIN, and other tales. By Miss Mulock	10c
161—A DAINTY LADY. By the autnor of "A Guiltless Prodigal"	10c
162—THE BRIDE OF AN HOUR, and WHY THEY PARTED	10c
163—A DANGEROUS KISS	10c
164—HEARTBROKEN	10c

NUMBER.	PRICE.
165—MISJUDGED; OR, THE TROUBLES OF A CITY MAN	10c
166—"A LUCKY GIRL." By the author of "A Cunning Woman"	10c
167—MR. SHUM'S PROPERTY. By Geo. Manville Fenn	10c
168—NINETY NINE CHOICE READINGS AND RECITATIONS, No. 3. Compiled by J. S. Ogilvie	10c
169—THE COLLEGE BOYS. By Mrs. Henry Wood	20c
170—OSCAR WILDE'S POEMS AND LECTURE	10c
171—PEG WOFFINGTON. By Charles Reade	10c
172—THE SQUIRE'S DARLING. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
173—THE MAN WITH RED HAIR. By W. E. Norris	10c
174—HER SOLEMN PROMISE	10c
175—THE PHANTOM WIFE. By Molly Myrtle	10c
176—"HIS BONNIE BRIDE." By E. Dundas	10c
177—WON BY A RUSE. By L. Lansfeldt	10c
178—MY LIFE'S RANSOM. By Miss Mulock	10c
179—AN UNEQUAL STAKE. By the author of "A Cunning Woman."	10c
180—THE WITHERED LEAF. By "Ouida."	10c
181—A SISTER'S SACRIFICE. By Mary Cecil Hay	10c
182—WEAVERS AND WEFT. By Miss M. E. Braddon	15c
183—"NO CARDS, NO CAKE." By Julia McNair Wright	20c
184—THE BALD EAGLE. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith	10c
185—AN UNNATURAL BONDAGE. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
186—A BIG FISH	10c
187—WAS IT A CRIME?	10c
188—MAD TO GET MARRIED	10c
189—A DOUBLE SURPRISE	10c
190—ONLY A DOG; OR, FEDERAL OR CONFEDERATE? By Mildred Brown	20c
191—SAVED BY LOVE. By Emma S. Southworth	10c
192—THE COUNTESS' SECRET	10c
193—DAPHNE'S CHAMPIONSHIP. By the author of "A Cunning Woman"	10c
194—THE DOCTOR'S PATIENT. By the author of "Wife or Widow?"	10c
195—BAREFOOT BILLY'S FORTUNE. By Gaffer Gray	10c
196—ARNOLD'S PROMISE. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	10c
197—RIP VAN WINKLE, and other sketches. By Washington Irving.	10c
198—HILDA. By the author of "Dora Thorne"	20c
199—THE LOVE BLOSSOM. By Jennie S. Alcott	10c
200—MARRIED AND DESERTED	10c

The People's Library is the most popular, and contains nothing but first class stories by popular American and English authors. It is never out of print, all back numbers being constantly on hand. It is for sale by all news-dealers at advertised price, or any number will be mailed by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., the publishers, 25 Rose Street, New York, on receipt of 12 cents for a ten-cent number, 18 cents for a fifteen-cent number, and 25 cents for a twenty-cent number.

☞ For sale by the Dealer from whom you received this circular.

CHEAP MUSIC!

The almost universal high price of first-class Songs and Music has prevented the general use of it, and we have just issued, in convenient form,

14 Popular Songs,

WORDS AND MUSIC.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

The following is the List of the Pieces in No. I.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER ONE.

I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.
Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town.
Scenes that are Brightest.
When the Swallows Homeward Fly.
Shells of the Ocean.
Annie O' the Banks O' Dee.
Robin Adair.
Her Bright Smile.
Oft in the Stilly Night.
Thou art Gone from My Gaze.
We Met by Chance.
The Old Arm-Chair.
Katy's Letter.
Mary of Argyle.

The cost of the Words and Music, if printed in the large sheet-music form, would be from 25 to 40 cents each, so that we are giving about

$3.50 Worth for 10 Cents.

It is for sale by every Newsdealer and Bookseller in the United States for 10 cents, or it will be mailed on receipt of price by the publishers. Ask your Newsdealer for **Number 1 of Popular Songs for All People**, or address

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
25 Rose Street, New York.

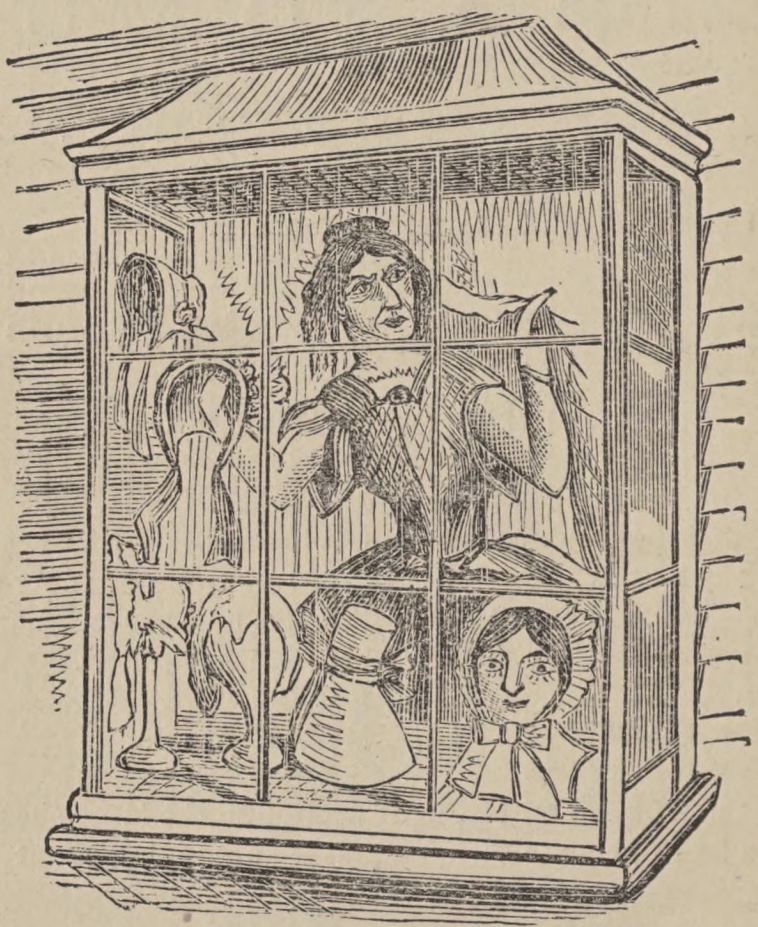
ANOTHER BOOK

BY THE POPULAR AND TALENTED AUTHOR OF

"A BAD BOY'S DIARY."

The immense popularity of "A Bad Boy's Diary" will insure an enormous demand for this new work. It is entitled:

"MISS SLIMMENS' WINDOW."



It will be issued in parts, each part containing 64 pages, with handsome illustrations, engraved especially for this work, and will be bound in strong paper covers. Price of each part, **10** cents. It is filled with fun and humor, giving Miss Slimmens' peculiar trials and experiences in her efforts to become Mrs. ———, with her very freely expressed opinion as to what other people should do and be, as gathered by her observations from her wonderful window.

EVERY ONE will want to read it. It is for sale by Newsdealers and Booksellers everywhere, or it will be mailed to any address on receipt of price. Address

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
25 Rose Street, New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Other Fools and their doings: or Life Among the Freedmen. By one who has seen it. 12mo., 234 pages, illustrated. Paper cover, **50c.** Cloth..... **75**

This is a story of intense interest and great power, portraying, as it does, real life at the South at the present time, every page being the embodiment of some fact. The truthful delineation of southern character, both among the white and colored people, will make this one of the most acceptable books of the present day, while the author, in a fearless presentation of facts, has done good service for the freedmen, and for all who have borne oppression in that section of our country. Every one should read it.

In Prison and Out. By Hesba Stretton. 12mo., 206 pages..... **75**

This is one of the most touching religious stories ever written by this gifted and popular author, and deserves a place in every family and Sunday School Library.

Sheer Off. By A. L. O. E. 12 mo. 243 pages..... **75**

The fame of this author is world-wide, and this has been pronounced one of her best books, showing the danger of tampering with sin and wrong doing in any form. It should be in every library which children have access to.

Not Forsaken. By Agnes Giberne. 12mo., 224 pages... **75**

This excellent story shows the efficacy of having an abiding faith in God, and and is a valuable book to put into the hands of children everywhere.

Nellie, the Clockmaker's Daughter. 12mo., 225 pages..... **75**

This story shows the great faith which Nellie had in God's caring for all who put their trust and hope in Him, and shows the power which she had for good over all with whom she came in contact. It is an excellent story for girls.

The Young Apprentice. By Hesba Stretton. 12mo., 220 pages..... **75**

This is a story showing the early trials of a boy who had determined to do right at any sacrifice, and his final victory over many obstacles. A splendid book for boys and young men.

Bede's Charity. By Hesba Stretton..... **75**

This story by this wonderful author, is one of her best, and shows the duty of every one putting their trust in God, amid all discouragements and trials, even though one may be compelled for a time to accept the charity of others. A good book for young women.

A Bad Boy's Diary. Price per part..... **10**

This is one of the most successful humorous books of the present day, filled with fun and good humor, and, as one critic says of it: "It will drive the blues out of a bag of indigo. We laughed over it until our sides ached and the tears came."

It is issued in parts, each part containing 48 pages, and handsomely illustrated. Price ten cents each. Three parts are now ready. Part four will soon be issued.

Either of the above books will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Liberal discount made to Sunday or Day Schools desiring our publications or those of any other house. Correspondence solicited. Address

J. S. OGILVIE & Co. PUBLISHERS,
29 Rose St., New York.

Sparkling and Bright!

"Not a dull line in them" is the criticism which has been made on a series of papers written by

KATE THORN,

one of the most popular and successful writers of the present day. Each article is short, sharp, crisp, and humorous, and cannot fail to give satisfaction to the hundreds of thousands of her literary admirers in all parts of the land. These articles are published under the title of

THE THORN PAPERS,

and will be issued in parts, each part containing 64 pages. Price, **10** cents.

The following is the

CONTENTS OF PART FIRST.

How to Carry an Umbrella.
Suggestions to Piano Players.
Street Car Etiquette—For Ladies.
Useless Women.
Smart Men.
Tight Boots.
The Man who Argues.
Be "On Hand."
At Church.
Humorous Writing.
How to be Fashionable.
A Word to Husbands.
A Word to Wives.
Long-faced Christians.
How to bring up a Child.
Ugly People's Compensations.
Good Health.
Self-confidence.
Superstitions of New England.
Fashionable Lies.
How to Write a Successful Book.
Moderate Drinkers.

The above articles are all specially adapted for public and private readings combining as they do, sharp criticism, humor, and abounding in real good sense. All persons interested in providing an evening's entertainment, will find this collection a great help to them.

The different parts are always for sale by every Newsdealer and Bookseller in the land. Buy a copy of Part First and you will not be disappointed. It will be sent by mail, post-paid to any address on receipt of **10** cents. Address

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

25 Rose Street, New York.

Something to Read!

$10.00 WORTH FOR $1.50!

We desire to call the attention of lovers of pure fiction to the fact that we now offer, in *bound book form*, the following seven complete stories, written by

Miss M. E. Braddon,

one of the most popular and pleasing authors in the world, and which are usually sold, in book form, for from $1.25 to $1.50 EACH.

We offer the SEVEN STORIES, bound in handsome English cloth, with elegant ornamental gold side and back stamp, sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, for only $1.50! Bound in heavy paper covers, $1.00.

List of Stories we sell for $1.50:

Lady Audley's Secret,
The Octoroon,
The Cloven Foot,
His Secret,
A Wavering Image,
The Wages of Sin,
Aurora Floyd.

These stories are printed on fine heavy paper, from large, new type, and we guarantee satisfaction in *every respect* to all purchasers.

Ask your bookseller for "SOMETHING TO READ," written by Miss M. E. Braddon, and published by us; or send $1.50 to us and we will send them by mail, post-paid.

THE STORIES ARE NOT SOLD SEPARATELY IN THIS FORM. We want Agents to sell them in every town and village in the whole land, to whom we offer liberal terms.

Address all orders and applications for Agency to

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. Box 2767. **25 Rose Street, New York.**

THE DIARY

OF

A Minister's Wife.

By ALMEDIA M. BROWN.

Complete edition, 12mo, 544 pages; handsomely bound in cloth.

Price, $1.50,

With fine, full-page illustrations, including portraits of Mrs. Minnie Hardscrabble, the minister's wife, from the facts and incidents in whose life the story was written; also, Rev. John Hardscrabble, with three other characteristic engravings, which will amuse and interest every reader.

The immense success of this book as it was issued in parts bespeak for it a cordial reception.

One editor says of it: "Some Itinerant's wife has been giving her experience out of meeting."

Says one who has lived in the family of a minister for over a quarter of a century: "It's funny; yes, it's very funny; but it's true—its all true. Let those who want to know the ups and downs of the life of a minister and his wife read this book."

Another reader says of it: "Send me the next part of THE DIARY. I have never read a book in which I was so much interested, and amused at the same time. The story of the trials of Mrs. Hardscrabble with the "Doolittles" is alone worth ten times the cost of the book. Every one should buy it, and let their minister and his wife read it."

It is for sale by newsdealers and booksellers everywhere, or it will be mailed on receipt of price. Send all orders to

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. Box 2767. **31 Rose Street, New York.**

Ha! Ha! Ha!!

72 PAGES OF FUN.

Gathered from the writings of Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Danbury News Man, Detroit Free Press Man, and other Leading Humorists of the Day, among whom is the Author of "A Bad Boy's Diary."

This is one of the best books ever issued, containing more fun than is found anywhere else for the same amount of money. Every newsdealer and bookseller should have a few copies on hand.

Price 10 cents, paper cover; bound in handsome board covers, 25 cents.

Send all orders to

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., PUBLISHERS,

29 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

Something to Read!

$10.00 WORTH FOR $1.50!

We desire to call the attention of lovers of pure fiction to the fact that we now offer, in *bound book form*, the following seven complete stories, written by

Mrs. Henry Wood,

one of the most popular and pleasing authors in the world, and which are usually sold, in book form, for from $1.25 to $1.50 EACH.

We offer the SEVEN STORIES, bound in handsome English cloth, with elegant ornamental gold side and back stamp, sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, for only $1.50! Bound in heavy paper covers, $1.00.

List of Stories we send for $1.50:

East Lynne;
A Life's Secret;
The Tale of Sin;
Was He Severe?
The Lost Bank-Note;
The Doctor's Daughter;
The Haunted Tower.

These stories are printed on fine heavy paper, from large, new type, and we guarantee satisfaction in *every respect* to all purchasers.

Ask your bookseller for "SOMETHING TO READ," published by us; or send $1.50 to us and we will send them by mail, post-paid.

THE STORIES ARE NOT SOLD SEPARATELY IN THIS FORM. We want Agents to sell them in every town and village in the whole land, to whom we offer liberal terms.

Address all orders and applications for Agency to

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. Box 2767. **25 Rose Street, New York.**

"BLUNDERS OF A BASHFUL MAN."

By the Popular Author of "A BAD BOY'S DIARY."

This is one of the most humorous books ever issued, and has been pronounced *better* than "A BAD BOY'S DIARY." 12mo, 160 pages, handsomely illustrated from original designs, including also the portrait and autograph of "The Bashful Man." Price, paper cover, 25 cents. Handsomely bound in cloth, 60 cents.

How the reading of it affected ONE YOUNG LADY.

MARYSVILLE, MO., *July* 22, 1881.

Author of "BASHFUL MAN."

Dear Friend—Having read your story of the "BASHFUL MAN," and seeing the invitation at the close of the same, and after studying the matter over for a short time, came to the conclusion that I was the very girl for you; myself being of good family and an expert in cooking and everything pertaining to house-work. I am not an old maid or anything of that sort, but am just in the prime of life—my next birthday will be nineteen; I am of medium height, and, if I do say it myself, *good looking*. Now, wanting to get a good husband, and thinking you would suit me, I am at your service. If you think I will do, just drop me a few lines, and I will then tell further what I can do. Till then

I remain, sincerely yours,

ANNA D. H * * * *

P.S.—Please write any way.—ANNA.

The original of the above letter is on file at the office of the Publishers.

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

25 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE

ALBUM WRITERS FRIEND

Compiled by J. S. OGILVIE.

Paper Cover, Fifteen Cents. Cloth, Thirty Cents.

This is a new and choice collection of gems of **Prose and Poetry**, comprising nearly

THREE HUNDRED SELECTIONS.

the most of which are original and suitable for writing in Autograph Albums, Valentines, and for Birthday and Wedding Celebrations. It also contains a new and choice collection of verses suitable for Christmas and New Year Cards. This is the only collection of such verses that has been printed. The many calls for such a collection has induced us to compile this book, and we offer it feeling assured that it will not only supply a want, but that it will give entire satisfaction.

It has been issued but a few weeks, and it has already received many commendations and endorsements from individuals and the Press, as being the

BEST BOOK OF THE KIND

that has been issued. The price is very low and it deserves, as we expect it will receive, a wide circulation.

It contains 64 pages, and is bound in paper cover, price **15 Cents**; or handsomely bound in cloth, price 30 Cents.

It is for sale by every Newsdealer and Bookseller in the United States.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

25 Rose Street, New York.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00024627238